THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 10. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Nov. 6, 1890. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REMNANT SALE DURING SEPTEMBER AT C. O. FOLTZ'

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE,
TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	• No.2 4,58 A. M.
No. 7, 10,38 A. M.	No.6, 11,58 A. M
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 6,47 P. M
• No. 1, 12.30 A. M.	No. 10, 7,35 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark • Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

L. W. LEWIS,

JEWELER,

AT C. O. FOLTZ,'

ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

DISCIPLE CHURCH,

Regular services will be held at the Disciple Church every Sunday. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Elder Holloman. Sunday School at 10:15 A. M.

Antioch Home News.

John Hendricks of Spring Grove was in this village on Sat. last.

A shower of "the beautiful" visited this locality on last Friday night.

Bring your auction bills to the NEWS office and have them printed in a neat and readable manner.

The dance at Simons' hall on last Friday evening was quite well attended, over 40 couples being present.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal*, to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

Joseph Barnstable and family have returned from Dakota and will probably make this State their home for the future.

Ben Stone of Wilmot will remove his large stock of merchandise to this village and occupy S. B. Russell's hardware store Nov. 15th.

The metal facings and roof of Williams Bros' new store have received a coat of paint and make the building show off to good effect.

Carpenters have been at work fitting in shelves, in the building formerly occupied by S. B. Russell as a hardware store during the past week.

Any person wishing to purchase village property will find it to their interest to look over the lots in Johnnott's addition to Antioch before purchasing elsewhere.

Call around any time after the 15th of this month and examine the elegant stock of dry goods that will then be for sale at the new store in S, B. Russell's building.

Mr. J. Vanduzer while talking on the subject of milk shipping recently, informed us that during the past twenty months he shipped $2,200 worth of milk from a herd of 25 cows. This is surely a good showing from that number of cows.

The Wisconsin Central will sell excursion tickets to Chicago and return on account of the Horse Show at 1⅓ fare plus 50 cents for admission ticket, Oct. 31st, Nov. 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th 6, 7, and 8th, tickets limited to five days from date of sale.

Judge Collins of Chicago heard arguments last week Tuesday, Oct. 14, in a suit of great importance to Modern Woodmen, and sustained the injunction granted by Judge Tuthill last July. Judge Collins held the bill sufficient, and the practical result is that the injunction granted in July remains in force. This forbids the suspension of members and local camps for non-payment of the double and special assessments claimed by the complainants to be illegal. The regular biennial meeting of the order will be held at Springfield. Nov. 11th.—*The Weekly Tribune.*

Andrew Effinger has gone to work a farm near Waukegan.

The plasterers are at work on Williams Bros. new store.

A number of contributions are unavoidably crowded out this week.

A number of real estate transfers have taken place in this village recently.

Edd Effinger has returned from Spring Bluff where he has been working for some time past.

We understand that Mr. Loof has sold his farm to Mr. Treager. Consideration $3,000.

Dont fail to read C. O. Foltz' display "one cent" advertisment in another part of the paper.

Camp M. W. A. will be held Nov. 10th. All members of the order are requested to be present. 2w

S. D. Warner recently returned from a visit with his cousins in Michigan and reports an enjoyable time.

The ground is being broken for the new ice house on Cross lake, and the building will be erected in time to receive its share of the coming ice crop.

Ben Stone will soon be here and will quote prices that will surprise you. He sells goods for live and let live prices, and is courteous and pleasing in all his dealings.

Lake Villa has much to be proud of in the meat market line. Mr. Ansel certainly has one of the neatest shops and slaughtering houses that are to be found in this section of the county.

Mr. Loren Warner, who is well known throughout this and adjoining towns, was in this village on Tuesday last after quite an absence and paid his compliments to the NEWS in the shape of a years subscription.

The Wisconsin Central will sell excursion tickets to Chicago and return on account of the American Fat Stock Show at 1⅓ fare, plus 50 cents for admission ticket, on Nov. 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21st, and 22d, tickets limited to five days from date of sale.

LOST: Tuesday evening between Strang & Webb's store and the lumber yard at Lake Villa, an open face silver watch, American Waltham movement, with a piece of chain attached. $5, reward will be paid for the return of the watch or information leading to its recovery, by calling on or addressing Ben Hanlin.
Lake Villa, Ills.

The following is a list of the officers in the Good Templar Lodge for the coming quarter: C. T., M. Haynes; V. T., Miss May Westlake, F. S., Dwight Drom; T., Mr. Holloman; S., Miss Maud Williams; A. S., Thomas Brogan; C., Lincoln Garwood, M. Clayton Udell, D. M. Miss Elsie Williams; I. G. Miss Myrtle Elmer; O. G. Harry Smith; L. D. Mr. D. A. Williams; S. J. T. Miss Ella Ames.

On Saturday last Mr. Geo. Savage Jr. met with quite a serious and what might have been a fatal accident. While driving along the road south of here he met a drove of hogs that were being driven to this village by H. Neil, and his horse becoming frightened turned suddenly and threw him from the buggy to the ground where he received a number of bad bruises in the head and face.

The Ladies Social Society will give a Corn Social at Rogers Hall Saturday evening Nov. 8, 1890. A program will be arranged, from 8 o'clock till nine, consisting of reading, singing, speaking etc. We cordially invite everybody to attend. The proceeds will go towards a new Bible for the Pulpit of the M. E. church. Supper will be served from 5:30 to 9:30. Supper 25 cents. Pumkin pie extra.

Pay your election bets.

Wisconsin has gone Democratic.

Read the auction sales in another column.

We understand that A. F. Conrad of Waukegan, was elected Sheriff.

Read Foltz' ad. in another column and see what you can buy for one cent.

Born to Mr. and Mrs D. Nelson, Thursday morning, Nov 6th, a boy baby. All are doing nicely.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Capt. J. K. Pollock was recently here.

A furnace was put in the Christian church last week.

There is talk of a dancing school being inaugurated here.

Election returns were read at the Opera House Tuesday night.

W. H. Dow's new wood-working factory is being rapidly built.

J. B. Clark of Waukegan has been granted an increase of pension.

Men are wanted at the Sugar Refinery and to work on the new starch factory.

W. B. Smith of Gurnee now occupies the Boyce place in the north part of town.

Joseph Welch and H. E. Mills of Milwaukee are registered at the American House.

J. W. Swansbrough has shipped several of his fine horses to the Chicago Horse show.

L. C. Dorsett spent Sunday in Wauconda with his mother, who is very sick there.

A fine matched team owned by Geo. Combs has been sold to a Chicago man for $1,000.

A two story frame office has been built for the United States Starch Works near their new factory.

States Attorney Heydecker entered court Monday as States Attorney for the first time in that position.

Circuit Court convened Monday. The docket is long but there are no cases of interest to the general public.

Geo. Wirth residing near this city met with an accident by falling from a load of hay and fracturing an arm.

The Board of Supervisors will meet Wednesday for their November session and to canvass the vote of the election.

Our city was lit with electric lights Monday night and the ball given in honor of the electric lighting system was a success.

Early risers saw snow on the ground in this city last Saturday morning, and "cool weather" was the main topic of conversation.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Kortum are boarding at the American House. Mr. Kortum is contractor for the mason work on the new starch factory.

The boarding house in the American house is fast filling with boarders, many of the boarders being employees on the starch factory and the Northwestern R. R.

Miss Ophelia Stolz a successful artist of this city has opened a studio in Chickering Hall, Chicago and is completing a course of study in the Chicago Art Institute.

A fine steam engine and boiler has been purchased for the *Patriot* office. The office will be heated with steam and many modern improvements will be made.

Gov. Fifer spoke here last Wednesday afternoon in the Opera House, and later gave a reception to the school children, at the Waukegan House and shook hands with several hundred.

Rev. W. A. Colledge the former pastor of the Congregational Church of this city returned and gave a lecture at the church Monday evening. He was cordially greeted and the lecture was first class.

The object of the incorporated Waukegan City Railway Co. is to operate a street railroad by horse, steam, electric or cable power. The capitol stock is $1,000,000 divided into one thousand shares of $100 each. Its office is located at Waukegan.

Mr. Edward Moody of this city and Miss Cora Hucker of Avon, were married Wednesday evening and Alex Murrie and Miss Phebe Moody were married the same evening. Rev. L. B. Hibbard performed both ceremonies.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Frank Burrows is again at Wilmot.

County Supt. Middlecamp visited our school last week.

Mrs. Lampe visited at Salem Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Weare formerly of this place visited her friends here.

Mrs. Thompson has been visiting in Chicago the past week.

Mr. C. Vonk and family have gone to Dakota to spend the winter.

Mr. Henry Rice was calling on old friends here the fore part of the week.

The German Lutherans dedicated their church with great pomp Sunday.

Our druggest Mr. Thompson has beautifully papered and painted his store.

Miss Edith Marsh is still on the sick list. Her friends are sorry for her trouble.

Miss Kittie Gardner has returned from the city with a large stock of millinery.

The Result of Tuesday's Election in Antioch.

The elections passed off quietly with a fair sized vote out. The total number cast being 326 votes.

Republican State ticket	259.
Democratic State ticket	66.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

Hopkins, Rep.	260.
Haish, Dem.	65.

LEGISLATURE TICKET.

Partridge, Rep.	753.
Reed, Rep.	24.
Southworth, Rep.	8.
Donnally, Dem.	129
Murch, Dem.	62
Clark, Rep. Judge,	294.
Soule, Dem. Judge,	31.
Granger, Rep. Sheriff,	212
Conrad, Ind. Sheriff,	113.
Jamison, Rep. Treas.	261.
Sauer, Dem. Treas.	64.
Marvine, Supt.	325.
Dorsett Co. Clerk,	325.

One Prohibition ticket.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2....• 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:30 P. M.	No. 4....†8:03 a. m.
No. 5....5:14 P. M.	No. 6....•11:53 a. m.
No. 7....10:43 a. m.	No. 8....6:30 P. M.
No. 9....7:20 P. M.	No. 10....7:26 a. m.

• Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

The sheep men are shipping sheep as fast as they can get them for the market.

Will Ketchum started for Mandon last Sunday on the 7 P. M. train to herd a large flock of sheep.

D. C. Stewart shipped quite a large lot of wool to Boston and Chicago last Saturday and is still in the market.

The butter factory is gaining on the milk receipts, and will give its patrons a test statement of the quality brought for each one.

H. G. Hanson took in North Cape last Sunday and came home with his wife on the Monday afternoon following.

Mr. Charles Yaw received quite a large sized Monument for his wife who died a short time ago, and will place it in the Liberty Cemetery soon.

Mrs. H. T. Smith took the 5 P. M. train for the North last Friday evening. It is supposed she has gone to New London, Wis. to see her mother who is sick.

Mr. Rey unloaded 5 double deck cars of sheep last Thursday from the North-west and they are as fine a lot of heavy sheep as have ever been received at the yards at Trevor.

There was a small wreck just north of Trevor Monday morning last; two empty ore cars were ditched, and two badly demoralized, also several empty coal cars were somewhat injured. No one hurt and trains were nearly all on time. There was an accident at Waukesha and Oshkosh within the last twenty-four hours.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Henry Runkel is home again.

Mr. Frank Dunning is still at the lake.

Frank Wicks caught a large eagle in a trap last week.

Jim Jepson Mike Dugan took a trip to Kenosha Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pease are back at their old home at Salem.

John Ludwig attended Mrs Ben Leritz' funeral at Munster Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilkinson have moved into the Vanalstine house.

School commenced in District No. 4 Monday with Mr. W. E. Cull as teacher.

They are laying a side track from Mr. Tewes' Ice house on the east side of the lake.

Quite a number of Democratic candidates from Kenosha were at the lake Sunday.

They say that Mr. Silvernail of Salem has bought out Mr. Vet Vanalstine and the latter will remove with his family to Janesville.

Willie Langeln died at his home in New Munster, Wednesday, after a lingering illness of typhoid pneumonia. His sorrowing relatives and friends have the sympathy of the whole community.

Mortgage Sale.

D. B. Taylor, mortgagee, will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the tenament farm of David Van'Patten, 1 mile south of Cribb's school house, on

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 13TH 1890

at 10 o'clock a. m. the following personal property to-wit:

1 iron gray mare, seven years old, 1 bay roan gelding horse 8 years old, 1 speckled gray mare 15 years old, 1 dark iron gray mare colt 3 years old, 1 dark roan mare colt, 3 years old, 2 dark red cows, 5 years old, 1 white milch cow, 13 years old, 2 dark red cows 4 years, 2 gray cows, 4 years old, 6 steers, two years old, 3 heifers two years old.

D. B. Taylor, Mortgagee.

By virtue of a second mortgage bearing date the 7th day of March 1890, the Warder, Bushnell & Glessner, Company, by their Attorney will sell the residue of said property sufficient to cover their account for cash or on time as they may elect, on the same day and at the same place, immediately after satisfying the claim of the said D. B. Taylor.

WARDER BUSHNELL GLESSNER CO.
PER. J. J. BURKE, Atty. for Mortgagee.

A LUCKY LADY.

MILAN, Tenn., Sep. 23rd.

Mrs. G. W. Combs, of Humbolt, Tenn. a former resident of this place, has recently fallen heir to half a million dollars left by her Scotch grandfather. She has forwarded proof of her relationship to the lawyers and will receive her inheritance to-day.—*Evening Mail and Express*, New York, Sep. 23rd, 1890.

We are Mrs. Combs' lawyers and by her seeing our advertisment became the agents of her good fortune. We have a number of similar claims in our hands and expect to gain them. If your ancestors came from the old country, write us and inclose 25 cents for reply. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain alone, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

EUROPEAN CLAIMS AGENCY,
59 Pearl Street, New York.

AUCTION SALE!

Being about to go away I will sell on the premises in Pikeville 5 miles north of Millburn, or 5 miles south of Bristol on Thursday Nov. 13, 1890 at ten o'clock A. M. the following property to wit:

13 COWS

1 Roan horse 11 years old, 1 Bay horse 7 years old, 1 Black mare 4 years old, 1 Black mare 2 years old, 1 yearling Colt, 1 suckling Colt, 1 dry cow, 4 two yr. olds, 4 yearlings, 5 calves, 3 brood sows, 10 pigs 27 shoats, 23 ewes, 12 ewe lambs, 6 buck lambs, 1 yearling buck, 1 lumber wagon, 1 light wagon, 1 double buggy, 1 Phaeton, 1 buck-board, 1 sulky plow, 4 milk cans, 1 barrel churn, 1 butter worker, 1 saddle, 1 set driving harness, 2 sets work harness, 1 creamer 6 cans, 1 two horse grinder, 1 pair bob sleighs, 1 cutter, 1 hay rack, 1 hog rack, 1 wood rack, 1 walking plow, 30 tons tame hay, sulky plow attachment, 200 bushels corn, 1 corn sheller, 1 sod cutter, 4 tooth cultivator 1 spring tooth cultivator, 1 seeder 1 corn planter, 1 mower, 1 horse rake, 2 horse forks 1 farmers boiler, 1 horse power, 1 fanning mill, 1 drag, 2 grind stones and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:

All sums of $10 or under cash, on all sums over $10 12 months time will be given on good approved notes with interest at six per-cent. 2 per-cent off for cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

FRANK TILLOTSON.
Jas. Moran Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE.

The undersigned having rented part of his farm, will sell at Public Auction, at his residence 1½ miles north of Antioch, and 1 mile south of Benham's corners, on

MONDAY NOVEMBER 10th, 1890.

at 10 o'clock a.m. the following property:

25 Cows, nearly all Winter milchers, 1 bay team, weight 2,500 lbs., 4 and 5 years old, 1 colt, coming three years old, 1 horse 12 years old, also a quantity of Clover seed.

TERMS:—Sums of $10 or under, cash, over $10 one years time on approved notes at 6 per-cent. No property to be removed until settled for.

W. J. VAN'DUZER.
A. CHINN, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A farm for sale or rent, located in the town of Antioch, County of Lake, and State of Illinois, one and one half miles from Lake Villa station, one and one half miles from Fox Lake and adjoining a district School House. Time will be given purchaser if required Apply to T. R. Crane. 149 North May Street, Chicago, or Thomas Wilton, Antioch, Ill.

BRAN,

MIDDLINGS,

-AND-

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

-:- AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES. -:-

CHRISTIAN BRO'S, MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

— FOR SALE —

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

KNEW YOU AS A BOY.

True, 'tis said no man's a hero
To his valet; but—tho' big
The contract—some folks can go
E'en in dishabille cum dig;
Yet, your virtues may be legion—
Every one you may deploy—
But they'll never "fetch" the fellow
Who has "known you as a boy."

You may win the warrior's laurels,
You may wear the poet's bays;
You may set, with deeds of daring,
An admiring world agaze;
But, while all the rest are raising
Hearty shouts of "Vive le roi!"
Some one says: "What's all the fuss for,
Why, I knew him as a boy!"

Were you colonized and settled,
With a halo on your head,
When the news of your promotion
Came to Tom or Dick or Ted,
He would tip and wink to t'others,
And their faith he would allay
With, "What! he a saint in glory?
Why, I knew him as a boy!"

—[Boston Globe.

THE MUMMY'S TALE.

BY L. BOND MASON.

The wind and snow blew against our windows in such fierce gusts that Jack and I decided to spend the evening in our den.

"I'll read you that odd manuscript I was telling you about," said Jack, as he began rummaging in an old cabinet. "You know I found it in one of those little hair trunks at the homestead in Norwich. Ah, here it is!" he said a moment later, showing me a queer looking portmanteau; and taking out some faded yellow sheets, he held them up to view.

I begot myself in an easy posture and lighted my meerschaum, while Jack arranged the sheets in order.

"Only part of it is here; the first page is missing. Well, this is the way it goes." He cleared his throat and read as follows:

"So do not think seriously of this, Vervinsa, for perhaps I was only dreaming, but I promised that you should be acquainted with your odd story at my death. I will record it as I first wrote it 40 years ago.

"I was living in Boston at that time, and was on the staff of one of the city papers. Besides this, I pursued my other literary work, which altogether brought me quite a modest salary. With this I could indulge my taste for furnishing my apartments in the romantic way I had them, and also add to my library.

"Your father and I had been great friends until he proved a Benedick, when, as a natural result, we saw less of each other. On his wedding day he sent me a mummy that I had often admired for its wonderful state of preservation, with a note stating that I would have no cause for lonely hours, as I could always enjoy the society of that charming Egyptian lady. It was at that time your father painted that ideal head which made him so famous in four continents.

"Late one evening, about a year after, I grew tired of reading, and tossing my book on the table I stretched myself on the divan and indulged in my customary smoke. I had only taken a puff or two before I felt the influence of a pair of magnetic eyes on me, coming from the direction of the mummy. Turning my surprise was so great as to literally paralyze all my faculties, except sight and hearing. For there before me stood an Egyptian girl of most wonderful beauty. She smiled at my fright, and then stepping nearer, spoke in the low sweet tones that none but you, my dear wife, have ever equaled.

"'You are frightened, Gregory,' she said, as the smile deepened into a laugh.

"'Hear my story. We loved—ah, how we loved! Three thousand years have passed since then, and during that time it has grown. You have forgotten; yes, like us all in the mortal state. We live but for the present time, and forget all the wretched terrible past. You were my lover then, but now you do not know me. Listen, Gregory, while I tell you of my crime.' She moved one step nearer.

"'We were soon to be wedded. We were equals in the spiritual sense, but, alas! not so in the mortal's idea. We both had but one more life on earth, when we would have left forever this wicked world. How weak we become when clothed in the flesh. The earthly vanity which I thought I had conquered overcame me, and I fell. Your love was forgotten in the luxury that wealth can give, and which I thought I enjoyed.' She stopped a moment and wiped the tears from her face.

"'You lost all faith in man; you, you, my dear Thothmes, now my Gregory, you murdered the man who had ruined our happiness. We have both suffered long imprisonment for our crimes. You at last are free, and will leave forever this cruel planet on your death. But I—oh, my Thothmes, free me; you, and you only can do so. To-morrow, at early morn, your friend Monsieur Duval's wife gives birth to a daughter. Let me be that daughter. When the first streaks of day are stealing across the city take the heart that is wrapped within those bindings,' and she pointed to the now tenantless case, 'cast it into the fire, burn it on your hearthstone, and I will once more be free. Fail, and I shall be forever doomed to this living torture until teh last hour of recorded time. Oh, my Thothmes, hear me! promise you will. Yes, and then we'll wed and drift to the higher bodies together. Promise, promise, my Thothmes, promise!'

"She stepped back to the case, and as I stared in my spellbound way I saw the snow white linen and the delicate purple grow misty and dull as it once more assumed the shape of the mummy wrappings. The beautiful ivory face became dark and thin, and the eyes lost all their luster.

'But only hear my story, and your fright and amazement will give place to pity.' Her face assumed an earnest pathetic expression.

"'For 3,000 years, Gregory, I have been waiting for this time to speak. For 3,000 years I have been doomed to haunt my own mausoleum. Unable, like other sinful ones, to hover around the living world, I was bound by the heaviness of my crime to play about the bodies of my friends and ancestors. None, none but those who have suffered the torments that I have can know the torture of such years of confinement.' And as she spoke a tremor of fear passed over her. 'Not long ago the curiosity hunter of this century brought me out of my forsaken tomb. I was first taken to an institution of learning, but the uncongenial and philosophical minds of the professors were unaffected by the suffering heart of a young woman. They could never see or hear me, as I pleaded, when they unrolled the old bindings and speculated on my age. Shortly afterward your friend Monsieur Duval took me to adorn his studio. "At last," I cried, "a poet and a dreamer will be subject to my power." He mistook my face for his own inspiration, and has made his name by painting my picture. For nearly one year I have lived in these rooms, but never until to-night could you see me. Often I have kissed you; kissed in repentance and in love. Yes, Gregory, listen, listen!' The deep dark eyes grew full of love and passion.

"'O God!' I cried. I was free, and jumping up, I ran to the case, but only a hideous mummy mocked me as I gazed in fear.

"At that moment the gong sounded four. I stepped to the window and could see the first streaks of day coming over the distant hills. 'I must have been dreaming,' I said, and drew down the shades and prepared to retire.

"Again I felt that awful spell upon me. I turned, but all was quiet and still. Then the case seemed to sway, then fell with a crash to the floor. The heart rolled to my feet. I picked it up, and before another moment passed only ashes remained of that faithless heart.

"My brain was all confusion, and I thought sleep denied me, but I had hardly touched the pillow before I became unconscious. I must have slept but a short time before I was awakened by a pounding on my door. It was Duval, and when I admitted him he fell on my neck and wept. His wife, his beautiful Gertrude, had died that morning in giving birth to a daughter.

"There is nothing more to say. You know that you are that daughter, and now my wife. You also know how much that picture which your father painted before your birth resembles you. It is often called your picture, and I wonder if it is not. Now, can I doubt but that we lived and were lovers centuries before? I trust, my dear wife, that your prophecy will prove true, and that we may leave this life together."

"It ends there," said Jack, folding up the sheets; "but I found an old diary kept by my great aunt which said they both passed away the same hour. And now, what do you think of it? Is it to be wondered at that I am eccentric, if my grandparents were such fossils that they could count their birthdays by the thousands?"

"It certainly is a good way of accounting for your peculiarities," I answered.

"But, to put all joking aside, Bob, do you know I really believe it is true?"

"Bosh!"

"Yes; I knew that you would say so, but I have an old mummy case at home that has been in the family for years, and you know yourself about the picture."

"Yes; and I also remember your father telling me that his paternal was given to writing and to practical jokes; no doubt this is one of them. Don't let a story turn your brain, Jack."

"No, no; there again you are wrong. He meant his father-in-law. He always called him the paternal. I see there's no use trying to convert you, but you won't object to drinking to my Egyptian parentage, any way." And he poured out the wine.

Coral and Its Finders.

At the present day coral is most largely exported to such countries as Abyssinia, the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon, Siberia, China, and Japan. The choicest pieces are used for the buttons of Chinese mandarins or for ornamenting the turbans of rich Mussulmans, while the inferior qualities sent to less civilized countries are employed for various purposes. Coral has been often used as money in some quarters, but that use of it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-civilized people employ it largely for ornamenting arrows, lances, and pikes, and also for decorating corpses before interment. Prices have varied much of late years, a rapid decline in value having taken place owing to the scarcity of good, and the comparative abundance of inferior qualities.

Besides the loss accruing to the fishermen the present state of things is very seriously affecting the large number of people employed in preparing the coral for use. There has been a great decline in the number of women thus engaged at Leghorn, and the same thing is taking place at Naples and Genoa, the other principal seats of the industry. Nowadays the proportion of inferior quality is so much larger that fewer persons can manipulate the same quantity. No machinery or mechanical process is employed, but the workwoman takes the pieces into her hands one after another, and, according to their thickness, quality, and defects, works them into certain forms. Their wages run from 7½d. to 1s. 3d. per day.—[Chambers' Journal.

WIT IN A SMALL WAY.

It becomes second nature for an armless man to do things in an off hand way. —[Yonkers' Gazette.

"I don't care whether Congress repeals the tobacco tax or not." "How's that?" "You see, I only smoke cigarettes."

How little and dried up the cheese appears to the rat after he is caught in the trap.—[Atchison Globe.

'Tis said that fishes have no sense,
But if the saying's meant,
How is it the shad ne'er comes to town,
Until long after Lent,

A theatrical man is advertising his play by stenciling its name on the sides of a lot of white horses. If it doesn't bring out the red-headed girls at least, nothing will.

Honesty is the best policy, because it is never raided and the other shops are. —[Pittsburg Press.

The difference between a funny lawyer and a poet is: One courts the Muses, and the other amuses the court.—[Light.

WHAT A FAMILY COSTS.

Statement of a Man Who Counted Expenses Twenty-six Years.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. He has entered the following statement in his diary. It might be a valuable statistical fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago to-day I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in the married state. Then all was anticipation. I and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received $15 a week, with a promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good, and my earnings constantly received. I now receive $30 a week, and we still own the homestead without any great additions to its wealth, except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have $3,500 now of assets; then I had perhaps $2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next week the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same schooling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be willing to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could buy would I go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars, the totals are these: In 25 years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, $40,000—or say $40,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about $3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken therefore about $10,000 to each man produced. This, of course, includes all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is yet to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and an increase of receipts, but there is no certainty about this. The employees are proud of their work, but don't want another job.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctors' bills (27 years), $2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, $7; next three, $9; remainder of the 26 years, $13 a week. For 10 years it has taken on an average one pair of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes. Only one thing approaches it—the high prices of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age, and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man not rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had it to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels, nor men are shod."—[Indianapolis News.

SORROW SQUELCHERS.

A well-rounded "bust:" Failing for a million.

The stuttering man can never make a pronounced success.

A dead-beat can generally stand a loan, even if he can't support himself.

The burglar and the United States Senate have to do business in executive session.

The slot-machine points a good moral: That every man should pay his own weigh.

The revolver and the bank cashier are alike, they never go off unless they are loaded.

Time will tell, but the ordinary man with an important secret won't give time a chance.

When a man doesn't impose on his wife she acquires the idea that he no longer loves her.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

The new two-cent stamp is the color of a half-ripe pomegranate, and tastes like fried egg-plant.

We're friendly to the colored race, but we can't help thinking that when a negro gets into a post-office he is in po' business.

When a man is going down hill he finds the attraction of gravitation and the encouragement of the public a great help to him.

"I've been through a good many scrapes, but that one was the worst of the lot," said Blinkins when young Guttenfest had concluded his violin solo.

Belle (suddenly)—I'm afraid all the talk about students is rather frivolous for Sunday. May (easily)—Oh, but they're all theological students, you know.

"What is ability?" "Ability, my dear, is knowing how little you really do know and keeping others from finding it out." —[American Commercial Traveler.

You little Tyler infidel, you little narrow-eyed fool, a fly can sit on your nose and paw you in one eye and kick you in the other.—[Sam Jones at Tyler, Texas.

Fond Mamma—Why, what have you in your apron? Little Daughter (breathlessly)—Oh, mamma! Such good luck! Dotty Dimple's cat had six kittens and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five.

GOLD BEATING.

An Industry Represented by but One Shop in Cincinnati.

In a basement on Third street is the only gold beater's shop in Cincinnati. It has been there for 11 years, and every day of those 11 years the bang, bang of the beater's hammer has gone on, yet few people know there is a representative of the "ancient and honorable" trade in our city. Ancient it is indeed, having been in existence among the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. Whether they used the same processes as those now used or not is not known, but it is thought they were very much like those of to-day. The first record of gold beating is that of a German monk named Theophilus in the twelfth century.

The gold used in gold beating is pure gold alloyed with copper and silver to suit the color required. When the gold is any lower than 23 carats fine it is alloyed with pure silver, as copper makes it too harsh to beat. Sixteen carat gold has so much taken the color of silver that it would be mistaken for that metal.

The gold is melted in crucibles of German sand. It is then poured into ingots, forged and rolled about as thin as writing paper. This is then cut into little pieces about one inch square, weighing about 2½ ounces. Each man gets $50 worth of these twice a week. These are placed in what is known as a kutch, which is simply a package of French paper about four inches square. This French paper is a sort of imitation parchment and is used in the first process because the gold is then too thick to put in books of so called skin. In this kutch, which is fitted into an envelope of parchment, the gold is beaten with a 16 pound hammer until about four inches square. This beating is done with a peculiar motion. The hammer comes down and is allowed to rebound to about the height of the beater's head. He then seems to catch it and throw a little higher, and allows it to come down without any apparent effort. The beater stands at his work and moves the upper half of his body with the hammer.

These four inch pieces of leaf are taken out of this "kutch" and cut into quarters. This is done with what is known as a "wagon," a little sled like arrangement with the runners made of split reeds, sharpened with a knife. They are exceedingly sharp and cut with great ease. Then these quarters are put in a "shoder," which is a book of "skin," as it is called. This skin is made of the intestines of bulls and is very expensive. Here it is again beaten until it is about four inches square. It is then quartered and beaten again in "skin" books or "molds." Each mold contains 1,000 leaves.

To clear these leaves of skin of the gold that adheres to them they are sprinkled with "brime," which is to be burned and ground up and then brushed with an English hare's foot. The American rabbit's foot isn't fine haired enough.

After the leaf is taken from the mold, having received its third beating, it is trimmed carefully until 3¼ inches square. These are then put in little books, 25 leaves to a book. Twenty books of 25 leaves each make a pack, which sells for about $7. When the leaf is ready for sale it is so thin that it takes 280,000 leaves, placed one on the other, to make a solid inch.

To learn the goldbeator's trade requires an apprenticeship of four years. It is indeed more a science than a trade. Machinery has been introduced in some places to do the beating, but it can only be used in the first and second processes, as the third requires the skill and knowledge of just how hard to strike owing to the different weights of the gold. The beating is done on "stones" of Italian marble set in the floor. On account of these stones the business can not be carried on in any but a ground floor.

The sweepings are all kept and refined for the gold dust that is in them. The broken crucibles, too, are kept and the gold gotten out of them. Everything must be kept perfectly dry, so as to prevent the leaf from sticking. In handling the leaf a pair of boxwood pincers is employed. The foil would stick so to the fingers as to make it impossible to handle them.

The foil is used principally for signs and for gilding the edges and binding of books. One of the largest users of foil in this city is a playing card firm, who use it for gilding the edges of their cards. Dentists' leaf is made of pure gold and is not made in this city at all.

To get the parchment needed the Cincinnati firm buys up old deeds, indentures, and the like. They have a roll of parchments down there that would make an antiquarian's eyes sparkle. Most of them are English and of the eighteenth century, although sometimes one of the sixteenth is come across.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Word "Nigger."

"Nigger" is not, as generally supposed, a corruption of "negro," but it is regularly developed from the earlier form of "neger," which is derived through the French from the Spanish-Portuguese "negro," from which the English "negro" is taken directly. "Nigger" is more English in form than "negro," and was formerly and to some extent is still used without opprobrious intent; but its use is now confined to colloquial or illiterate speech, in which it generally conveys more or less of contempt.—[Century Dictionary.

The Most Popular American Book.

The most profitable book ever printed, at least in this country, was Webster's Spelling Book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

Waterville, Pa., is proud of several things, among them a ladies' orchestra, in which the little fiddle, the big fiddle, and the horn are all manipulated harmoniously by maidens young and fair.

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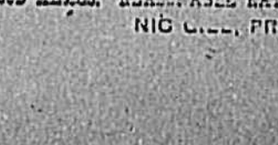
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

LIGHT AND SERIOUS READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Large Dwelling House—A Panther Fight—Monkeys and Their Prey—News and Items.

What Johnny Caught.

Johnny went to fish one day
Down by the sparkling brook
With a box of angle worms
And a bent-pin hook.
Said the laddie to himself
"How I wish I had
Something big to put it in,
If I catch a shad
Like the one that Uncle Jack
Sent to Grandma Knapp,
But I haven't, so I'd have
To squeeze it in my cap."
All the drowsy afternoon
Fished he patiently,
Little heeding his mamma's
"Where can Johnny be?"
And when, seeking for him, she
To the brook came, lo!
There she found a boy asleep
Mud from head to toe.
And not even one small fish
Wriggled in his cap,
Tired little Johnny had
Only caught a nap.

A Panther Fight.

"I have often wondered what hindered the cougars from being very plentiful," remarked a traveler. "They are monarchs of the woods, and are very sly, with plenty of game and cattle to live on. This spring I was talking with an old cruiser (a man who hunts for timber and good land claims), who had followed the business for the last 20 years in Oregon and California. He never takes a gun, but carries only a blanket and a small axe. He related that one night when he was camping in the head of a ravine about dark he heard a cougar scream on one of the ridges, and this one was answered by another on the opposite ridge. They kept working toward the head, until they finally came together some 300 yards above him in some quaking aspen; and such a row and a racket as they made he had never heard before. They rolled down within 100 yards of him, and he says that he was pretty well scared, but he kept up a big fire and stayed behind that. They quieted down in a couple of hours and the next morning, when it was light enough he went on to the battle-ground. He found one of them lying there dead, all cut and torn to pieces. It was a very large one.

"Four days afterward, as he was coming back the same way, some 500 yards from where he had found the first one, he had stumbled upon the other one, dead. This, too, was all cut and torn as the first had been. At another time, in Oregon, he heard a big fight going on, but did not go to see the results. He was stopping one night with an old Indian, who had hunted and trapped all his life, and was telling him about the fight when the Indian said that that was the way when two old males met; one or the other was killed, and very often both; and that whenever the male would find the young ones and the mother absent he would kill the last one of them, but if the mother were with them she would keep him off. That must be the reason that the mother goes with the young until they are nearly 2 years old. They say that all the cat kind will kill their young. We know that this is so with the domestic cat."

Largest House in the World.

Every American, European, and Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Vienna, Austria, has the giant of them all. The Freihaus (free house), situated in Wieden, a suburb of the city just mentioned, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen courtyards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house.

Scarcely a trade, handiwork, or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, Government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers, and many other tradesmen live in it.

The house has thirty-one staircases and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as 1,000 pieces to this single but titanic house. To address a letter to the house and to the person it is intended for does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it.

In order to make assurance doubly sure" all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and the surname of the person for whom intended, the number of the court, the number of the staircase, and the number of the apartment; otherwise it is apt to go astray as though addressed to a city unprovided with directions as to street and number.

At the present time 2,112 persons live in this immense building and pay an annual rental of over 100,000 florins.

Monkeys and Their Prey.

The way in which monkeys catch land crabs is described by a sportsman who made an expedition to the jungles around Singapore, and there enjoyed sport which makes the contemporaneous records of Indian experiences pale into insignificance. The monkey lies down flat on his stomach, feigning death. From the countless passages piercing the mud in every direction, thousands of little red and yellow crabs soon make their appearance, and after suspiciously eyeing for a few minutes the brown fur of the monkey, they slowly and cautiously sidle up to him, in great glee at the prospect of a big feed off the bones of Master Jocko. The latter peeps through his half-closed eyelids, and fixes upon the biggest of the assembled multitude. When the crab comes within reach, out dashes the monkey's arm, and off he scampers into the jungle with a cry of delight to discuss at leisure his cleverly-earned dinner. "Rarely did the monkeys seem to miss their prey," adds the describer of this scene. "I saw, however, an old fellow do so, and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see the rage it put him in. Jumping for fully a minute up and down on all fours at the mouth of the hole into which the crab had escaped, he positively howled with vexation. Then he set to work poking the mud about with his fingers at the entrance to the passage, fruitlessly trying every now and again to peep into it." These same monkeys, the so-called pig-tail variety, are taught by the Malays to pick fruit for them in the forests. The monkeys select the ripest fruit, and their masters by following their movements, catch them in a cloth before they reach the ground. The monkey is too well trained to attempt to eat any fruit while at work, but when enough is gathered he is duly rewarded for his self-denial.

Capturing a Bald Eagle.

One day recently William Skinner, of Tamalco, Ill., and his dogs had a lively encounter with an immense bald eagle. The bird alighted on a dead limb, which gave way under its weight, precipitating it to the ground before it could recover itself for flight. Skinner's dogs immediately set upon it, and for a few minutes the air was filled with howls of the dogs and the shrieks of the eagle as the queer combatants rolled over the ground in rage and pain, a cloud of intermingled hair and feathers hovering over them. Before it could be determined with whom the victory would rest, Skinner came up, and by a well-directed blow stunned the monarch of the sky into complete insensibility. While in this condition the eagle was placed in a big coop, where he very soon recovered his normal condition and developed a voracious appetite, which latter Skinner, appeases only in part by throwing the bird a live chicken daily.

The bird is particular about his diet, rejecting dead animals of all kinds and live rabbits, and eating only live chicken, which he picks clean before devouring, requiring only a minute for the operation, and the way he makes the feathers fly is a curiosity that brings the neighbors to his cage for miles around.

To Measure Speed on a Train.

Several veteran railroad men were seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. A discussion arose as to the rate of speed they were traveling. One of the party guessed that the train was going over forty-eight miles an hour, another estimated the speed at forty-five miles, another at fifty, and so on. Finally, one of the men took out his watch, held it in his hand less than half a minute, looking at it steadily all the while.

"We are going forty-six and one-half miles an hour," he said, looking up from his watch. One of the other men thereupon took out his watch, held it in the palm of his hand and kept his eyes rivoted upon the dial, never once looking out of the window. After the lapse of half a minute he looked up and said that they were traveling at the rate of forty-seven miles an hour.

"How can you tell the rate of speed by simply looking at your watch?" inquired an interested witness of these proceedings.

"Why, easy enough," replied the railroad man. "You know every time that car passes a rail-joint there is a distinct click. Just count the number of these clicks in twenty seconds and you have the number of miles the train is going per hour. This is a simple matter of arithmetic, as the length of the rail is uniform.

Saved by a Cockatoo.

Charles Durand owned a cockatoo which he carried about with him on his journeys. The bird's name was Billy, and he seems to have been as wise as he was loving. He came to his master with a good character, having been the careful attendant of a sick man, bringing him bunches of grapes to quench his thirst and refusing himself to eat one till the sufferer had set the example.

Durand was asleep in his tent in those hot latitudes, where strange wild beasts and dangerous reptiles abound, when he was aroused before his usual time of waking by a sharp shrill cry of the bird of "Time to rise! time to rise!" accompanied by a violent flapping of the wings, and then a series of sharp screams in the cockatoo's own natural tone. So awakened, Charles looked around wondering what had disturbed his feathered friend. The cause was soon plain—a deadly snake lay coiled up close to his bed, which, as he gazed, reared itself up and prepared to spring on the defenseless man. Just when he thought that all hope was at an end the brave cockatoo sprang from his perch, seized the reptile by the neck, and held him tight till his master could summon help from without. The snake was then killed and Billy was raised to a still higher place in his master's esteem.

When the law of God is in our hearts, our duty will be our delight.

IN A HAUNTED TOWER.

THE POET JOAQUIN MILLER LAYS FOR A GHOST.

He Tells How He Spent One Night in Newstead Abbey and Saw Nothing—Slight Nervousness Succeeded by a Refreshing Sleep.

At the abbey here is a tower—at at least it seems like a tower from within, although it does not look it from without—which Lord Byron and others believed to be haunted by a ghostly visitant in cowl and sandals. The poet claims to have seen this ghost a short time before his marriage to Miss Milbanke. Washington Irving says, "his mind was tinged with superstition, and his innate infirmity was perhaps increased by passing much of his time in the lonely halls and cloisters of the abbey, then in a ruinous and melancholy state, and brooding over the skulls and effigies of its former inmates." More than once you find allusion to this ghost in Lord Byron's poems.

I wanted to see if it was in the power of any being to bridge over the awful darkness that lies at the end of all earthly journeys, and I determined to seize the first opportunity to take up my abode if possible in Lord Byron's apartments, writes Joaquin Miller in Harper's Magazine. The princess of Wales had recently left the abbey, and as we sat at dinner Mrs. Webb told a comic little incident connected with the princess' visit to the haunted tower. The three rooms are reached by ascending a narrow spiral stairway that winds a giddy course around a gloomy column. These rooms have no other egress or ingress, and two maids happened to be in them when the princess—at the head of her party, parasol in hand, and laughing at the idea of meeting a ghost—unheralded, hastily entered. Passing through the dressing room, and then the spacious bed-room furnished as far as possible with the appointments used by the poet, she passed on to the page's room, and here she poked her parasol into a deep, dark, curtained alcove, saying to the party pressing after her, "but I want to see the ghost." Horrors! the point of her parasol struck a solid body; there was a screech and a scream, and the princess fell back into the arms of the "coming king," while a pretty, rosy maid fell forward on her knees before the princes, piteously begging her pardon.

"And, do you know, I too want to see the ghost of Newstead."

I said this with so much earnestness that a man in black, with a clerical air, put up his glasses and looked at me with gear emphasis.

"But you would not like to sleep there in the haunted room?" protested a dozen voices, curiously.

"I should like nothing better."

"Then you shall be moved in there at once. It is the prettiest and pleasantest part of the abbey, else Lord Byron would not have spent so many years in it. But you must sleep there also, for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see at Newstead will be those you see in your sleep," laughed the good-natured lady.

When the ladies left us at our walnuts and wine so much was said on the subject that I felt pretty certain that others there had an equally deep interest with myself in the ghost. The apartment was made ready for my reception the next day, and I was to spend that night in the very bed of Lord Byron, waiting for the Black Friar of Newstead Abbey. The man with the clerical look led me aside by the sleeve after dinner, and hooking his glasses over his nose, talked to me long and earnestly about ghosts, from the Witch of Endor down to the modern apparitions which spiritualists claim to be familiar with. He confessed himself to be a firm believer in ghosts, and shaking my hand cordially said he would await results with breathless interest.

A little before midnight I bade good night to the few remaining in the drawing-room and followed the powdered footman, with his two great candles, up and around and on and through the sounding halls of the old abbey and at last climbed the corkscrew stairs and stood in the haunted rooms.

The bed, with its golden coronets and gorgeous yellow curtains that are literaly falling to pieces from age, was ready to receive me. The man placed the candle on the table and withdrew. I was alone in the haunted chamber at the hour of midnight. I sat down at the table, the very table used by the poet, noted the date, events of the day, and then this item, which I quote from my note book: "Slight headache; a little nervous; don't think I am afraid, but doubt if I can sleep; don't like this at all, but I am in for it; shall see something; not the Black Friar, but Lord Byron."

After some other trifling notes and a futile attempt to write a poem on the table used by the inspired nobleman, I threw down my pen and walked to the deep bay-window at the west, overlooking the lake. It was the loveliest night possible. The moon lay on the water like silver. Soon undressed hastily, blew out one of the candles and set the other by the bedside as I lay down. I did not dare to blow it out. It takes a great deal of courage to admit this ugly truth. The great, heavy, rich and tattered curtains of yellow silk were like tinder and it was a dangerous thing to leave the candle burning, particularly after dinner. But it did not seem to me so dangerous just then as to blow it out; so, I think, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I heard, or rather felt, the door slowly open. I looked straight ahead as I lay there, but did not move. A figure entered from the other door, but I could not see it. I felt it stop at the table. Then I felt it advancing upon me where I lay. I distinctly heard the clank of two candlesticks. Then I felt, or rather saw, that my light was being slowly and certainly withdrawn. I cautiously turned my head, and was just in time to see the patient footman, who had been waiting all the time outside, bearing away the lighted candle. Oh, how ashamed I was!

When I opened my eyes next morning, or rather next noon, what a vision of beauty! Swan on the lake, cattle on the hills beyond, and sunlight and love, peace and calm delight everywhere. I had never had a more perfectly refreshing sleep in all my life.

The man with the glasses was waiting for me, but I had nothing to say. I could only assure him that I had seen, heard, felt nothing whatever. Still I could not but think that I surely should and would receive some sign from some one beyond the dark before I bade farewell to the haunted rooms.

NATIONALITY OF SOLDIERS.

Our Troops Come From All Countries, but Are Mostly American.

The United States soldiers come from all countries, but about two-thirds of them are native Americans. From 1880 to 1888, both inclusive, the army received 60,435 recruits. Of these, 55,805 were white; 4,630 were colored; 37,691 were natives, and 22,741 were foreigners, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. It is the experience of intelligent officers who have served much with troops that while the men of different nationalities do not differ much in their military capacity, certain general propositions are true. The Englishman is most likely to be insubordinate. He has the habit of pretending to have fallen from a superior station. If he is a deserter from the British army he is still worse. The Irishman must be closely watched. He is one of the best soldiers when he is good and one of the worst when he is bad. The Germans and Scandinavians are very trustworthy. The New Englander is intelligent, but opinionated to a degree that sometimes leads him to insubordination. If he is able to control his sprightly independence he is likely to become an excellent non-commissioned officer, and may even secure one of the few commissions that are bestowed upon men of the ranks. The southerner is more likely to be subordinate. The negro troops are proficient in drill, very docile, exceedingly clean, and are good soldiers. They never lose their fondness for the display of the service. The northern is better than the southern negro. The native white soldier is the most restless and the most depressed by the monotony of the army.

China's Menace to the World.

Outside of China, beyond all question, the Chinese must find room for themselves. China is no longer shut; China is open, and China's only grievance may be that the world, in its turn, may build an anti-Chinese legal wall against the entrance of her innumerable industrial armies. The world does not know much about China yet; it will soon, however, make more of her acquaintance. She has been hidden in the night of exclusion, oriental sleep and mental stagnation; she is emerging into the daylight of progress and toward an activity such as the modern world has never seen. China has been ignorantly despised; but China is worthy of all respect, if not of the greatest of admiration. She is quietly throwing off the clogs of her progress and is rapidly coming up with the open world in the race of life, with advantages in her favor that can not well be surpassed. The man who can run for a few minutes in a short race and make very fast time is not equal to him who can run all day; the Chinese are all-day runners. They who compete with them will need to rise up early and sit up late. China has untiring industrial ability, unsurpassed staying powers and a degree of patience which no other nation can pretend to equal. Friend and enemy of China alike know these facts. Few do know them. They possess a vital interest that will soon be recognized.

Fatal "Buck Fever."

It is a coincidence worthy of note that the founder of the house Delmonico and its last proprietor of the name in the male line both perished in a tragic and unexpected manner. About a dozen French residents, bent upon recreation, had gone thirty miles out on Long Island for a deer hunt, which then still afforded exciting and romantic sport. John Delmonico—who was one of the party, and, though a hunter of some experience, more sanguine than the rest of us—unaccountably failed to hit a large buck which suddenly confronted him within easy range. The shock of disappointment was apparently more than the excited sportsman could bear, for, without uttering a sound, he placed his hand upon his heart and expired on the spot.

Phosphoric Religion.

A well-known merchant of this city has a son who is a very wild young man. He seldom comes home before midnight and frequently wears a heavy jag as the result of his conviviality. His companions make his room a sort of sobering-up station, and two or three of them "roll in" nearly every night. The old gentleman was one of the boys in his younger days and, while he is now a very pious and proper head of a cultured household, he cannot entirely forget his early indiscretion or steel his heart against the boy who is going the old man's gait. Still he felt it incumbent on him to check the youth's career, and so he devised a plan to frighten him. He got a stick of phosphorus and wrote on the wall opposite the boy's bed: "Prepare to meet thy God." The letters were, of course, visible only in the dark, and the old man was careful to have the room well lighted when his son came home the next night pretty well loaded, as usual. He and a companion turned in with gas turned up full, and soon they were sound asleep.

Then the old man went in and put out the light. He then made a noise sufficient to wake the boy out of his drunken sleep, and as he sat up in bed his eyes caught the hand-writing on the wall. With a bound he sprang out of bed, and striking a match, he began an examination of the wall, but it was blank in the light. The gas burned all night, and the next morning the young man was very quiet and solemn. The old gentleman erased the warning from the wall, and is pleased to know where his boy is at night. The father says that he learned of the trick from a prominent preacher of the city, who was frightened out of his naughtiness in this way.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Forecasting Thunderstorms.

When the daily weather charts are drawn, if we find that there is an unevenness in the isobaric lines—that is, if these are wavy or bulge out irregularly—we known that thunderstorms are likely to burst somewhere or other over the country, but that is all we can say. At each station the barometer is unsteady—the mercury moving up and down in the tube—during the actual continuance of the storm; but this oscillation of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the irregularity in the isobaric lines above mentioned. Forecasting these storms is, therefore, always an uncertain and thankless task, for local sucess is rarely attained.

Among the earliest symptoms of the approach of a thunderstorm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus ("wool pack") clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved that thunder storms, like wind storms, advance over the country generally from some westerly point. This bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of lighter upper cloud—cirrus, or "mare's tail"—which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electrical explosion or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers or cirrus, emanating from its upper surface, are visible when the cloud is looked at sideways from a distance. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

The Camera.

Printing has been called the "art preservative of arts," but close observation suggests that in this day and time, photography, which to-day goes hand in hand with printing, might reasonably demand a fair share in the claim of preservation, for scarcely an object worthy of note is brought to public attention without the aid of photography.

A study of the progress and improvement in this wonderful art of light and write, which the name signifies, from the time of Thomas Wedgwood, in 1802, down to the present date, shows the same remarkable patience in experimenting, and warm enthusiasm in seeking for best results. We have photographers and photographers, but the greatest point of perfection is not reached by all. In this art, like the work in a thousand other fields of usefulness, the victory is not for those who seek it simply for a living, but he who would win the largest success—and this can only be achieved through perfect work—must love the work, must have the spirit of enthusiasm backed by perfect focal judgment, a thorough understanding of poses and management of lights. Among the few really first-class artist in photography in Chicago we rank Miss Garrity, at Chickering Music hall, Jackson and Wabash avenue, without a superior, in fact there are those who claim that in her specialty, women's and children's portraits, she outranks all; certainly there is none better.

CHICAGO ATHENAEUM.

The People's College"—48-54 Dearborn Street.

Twentieth year. Fall term opens Sept. 1st. Business and Academic Departments. The leading *Munson* Shorthand School in the West. The best endorsement of the Athenæum is from its own pupils, past and present. Evening classes *five* evenings a week. All common English branches are taught. School of Architectural and Mechanical drawing, higher Mathematics, Physics, Rhetoric, Elocution, Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Language, Literature, Instrumental and Vocal Music. The Athenæum maintains the finest Gymnasium in the city and also a choice Library. Sent to Superintendent for catalogue.

N. B.—A spacious and elegant building for the permanent home of the Athenæum, next to the Art Institute on Van Buren St., will be open in January next.

EYES OPTICAL INSTITUTE OCULIST
WATRY
90 E. Randolph St. INSTITUTE.
EYE & EAR treated. Address to H. WATRY, 90 E. Randolph St., CHICAGO.

Now that winter will soon be here, we advise young men to make preparations to attend some good school during the winter months. Many young men are securing a business education which fits them for getting on in the world. We know of no better school to attend than the Metropolitan Business College, corner Monroe St. and Michigan Ave., City. This college has a wide reputation and is doing a great work. It has a faculty of 16 professors and an attendance of 500 students. The principal, Mr. O. M. Powers, is a thorough-going business man, and the college is a live school.

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating aparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

DR. J. A. DANIS,
PRIVATE DISPENSARY **166 W. Madison** Near Halsted Chicago.
All diseases of Catarrh, Throat, Lungs, HEART, Brain, Nerves, in their various forms.
LADIES By treatment a pure, lovely complexion, free from shallowness, freckles, blackheads, eruptions, etc., brilliant eyes and perfect health can be had. That "tired" feeling and all female Weakness promptly cured. Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion, Ovarian Troubles, Inflamation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, Spinal Weakness, Kidney Complaints, and Change of Life. Consult the old Doctor.
EYE AND EAR Acute or Chronic Inflammation of the Eyelids or Globe, and Far and Near Sightedness, Inversion of the Lids, Scrofulous Eyes, Ulcerations, Inflammations, Abscess, Diseases of Vision of one or both Eyes, and Tumors of the, Inflammation of the Ear, Ulceration or Catarrh Internal or External; Deafness or Paralysis, Singing or Roaring Noises, Thickened drum, etc.
NERVOUS DEBILITY Loss of Vital Power, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Lost of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Flur before the Eyes, Languor, Gloominess, Depression of Spirits, Aversion to Society, Easily Discouraged, Lack of Confidence, Dull, Listless, Unfit for Study or Business, and finds Life a Burden, safely and permanently cured.
BOTH SEXES Consult confidentially. If in any trouble call or write. Delays are Dangerous.
Send 13 cents, stamps, for Medical Guide of Laws of Health. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

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The Colton Dental Association,
10 Cooper Institute, New York, and 302 & 303 Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago, cor. Dearborn and Madison, make a specialty of Extracting Teeth Without Pain. The most nervous persons and those troubled with heart disease are successfully operated upon. 185,000 patients without a serious accident. Over 25 years' active practice. Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago.

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CONSULT US ABOUT YOUR EYESIGHT.
E. WASHINGTON ST. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Northwestern Dental College
202 State St, Cor. Adams, Opposite The Fair.
LOUIS E. IRELAND, M. D. S., D. D. S., Sup't.
Teeth without plates. Finest Fillings and plates. All work the very best. Guaranteed 5 years, free, small charge being made for cost of mater, ial.

WIVES Should know how child bearing can be effected without pain or danger and cure their ills. Send for sealed information. A wonderful discovery.
DR. J. B. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. Cross, Live wood Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10 cents.

WILSON, THE **PHOTOGRAPHER!**
Is Giving Away a Fine Photo-Crayon Portrait With every dozen cabinets, at $2.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect, Open Sundays. Cloudy weather good as sunshine. Studio, 389 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address,
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

BANGKOKO
FOR G. & G.
Cures in from 1 to 5 days without pain, causes no stricture, a positive cure guaranteed. Male or female. Put up in solid or liquid form, can be taken in the form of a pill, has no taste. Price $1.00. For sale by all druggists. Sent to any part of U. S. upon receipt of price. Securely packed. Address
THE BANGKOKO CO.,
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.
POPP'S GERMAN STOMACH POWDER CO.
558 West Polk Street, Chicago, Ill.
Costs 75c and $1.00 a box. Saves a fortune in doctor's bills. Write for testimonials.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Miss Lizzie Phelps, a society belle who lives near Binghamton, N. Y., was married to W. Slattery, the family coachman. The bride is worth $100,000. The groom is illiterate but of good appearance.

An escaped lunatic at Lacolle, Que., fatally wounded Constable Laneau and Joseph La Jeusse with an ax.

Near Valosta, Ga., a negro named Palasco was lynched for an assault upon a planter's daughter.

Christe Langguth of St. Peter, Minn., shot himself to death. Liquor and despondency were the causes.

James Fahey fatally stabbed Edward Toohey in a quarrel in a low saloon in Kansas City. Both are sailors from Chicago and desperate characters.

Frank Morse played poker and used several hundred dollars belonging to the J. P. Farley Cracker Manufacturing company of Dubuque, Ia., for which he was salesman. He admits his guilt and is in jail.

Eleven German lifeboat men were drowned while trying to relieve the crew of the British vessel Erik Berendenson, which was wrecked off Slesvig. Only one of the vessel's crew was saved.

Mrs. W. P. Howland, wife of a prominent lawyer at Jefferson, O., was crossing the railroad track when a freight train approached within a few feet of her. Fright caused her to faint on the track and she was mangled to death.

A freight train broke in two on the Southern Pacific road near Werlner, Tex. The forward section slowed up and the rear section crashed into it, injuring the conductor and brakemen seriously.

Tunis Amack, of Columbus, O., in a fit of jealousy, shot Harriet Anderson, a married woman upon whom he had been pressing his attentions, firing three bullets into her body and head. She died instantly. Amack then retired to his room and shot himself through the heart.

The British fleet has returned to Zanzibar from Vitu. The total number of British wounded in the recent fight was thirteen, whose injuries were only slight. From eighty to ninety of the enemy were killed and wounded.

The schooner Stevens, which went on the beach at Manistee, Mich., went to pieces next day. The loss is $1,500. The cargo of lumber was saved.

The Dutch Reformed Church in Hoboken, N. J., was burned. It was one of the oldest churches in Hoboken. Loss about $30,000.

It has been decided to construct a number of batteries around Boston, at a cost of $11,000,000.

At Bradford Mines, Ala., John Williams was shot and killed by his wife.

Frankie Morrison, who was in jail at Lima, O., for drunkenness, committed suicide by taking morphine.

The body of George W. Crim, a wealthy farmer living near Adairville, Ky., was found riddled with buckshot.

Dennis B. Sullivan, Treasurer of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society at Newport, R. I., who was charged with a shortage of $1,300 in his accounts with the society, has died. It is suspected that he committed suicide.

Mr. Norris Watts, of London, England, was shot through the groin by an unknown party while out hunting in the woods near Cumberland Gap, Tenn. Mr. Watts is not expected to live.

Harry Sheehan, a laboring man, was found in a dying condition on the Wabash tracks in Chicago. While crossing the tracks he was knocked down by the cars.

Mrs. Logan and daughter and Mrs. Nellie Mead of Patskala, N. J., while crossing the Pan-Handle track at that place in a buggy, were instantly killed by their buggy being struck by a passenger train. They were frightfully mangled. The buggy was demolished but the horse was uninjured.

At Painted Cave, on the Southern Pacific, 200 miles west of San Antonia, Tex., a freight train collided with a construction train while rounding a curve. Both engines were crippled, several cars smashed to smithereens, and one or two people killed. Foreman Simon Shaw was crushed to death.

A large vessel in the converting department of the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron company containing twenty tons of molten metal tilted over and horribly burned Michael Dugan, who cannot recover. Osborn Crissman, William Souders, Louis Boyer, and Augustus Schenick were burned with splashing metal and are seriously hurt.

Nelse Thompson, a farmer living near Denison, Ia., was fatally gored by a bull. After tossing him about and stamping on him, the infuriated animal left him, as it supposed, dead. He was not discovered until an hour after the accident and was then insensible.

Louis Wolf was arrested at Grand Rapids Mich., as a common drunkard. Six years ago he was worth $200,000.

Miss Baker, daughter of a farmer living near Stilesboro, Ga., was found murdered in one of her father's fields.

Peter Roach, a laboring man employed in a packing-house, was run down and instantly killed at a street crossing of the Stock-Yards tracks in Chicago, by a switching association engine.

Leo Hellner, a Pole, has deserted his family at Minneapolis, Minn., where he was bookkeeper of the Columbia flour mill. He is accused of maintaining a mistress with his wife's dowry.

Mrs. Sarah C. Saddle of Stoddard County, Missouri, is in jail on charge of fraud in obtaining a pension. She secured $2,700 arrears.

Charles Finch, aged 12, was killed by being run down by a meat-wagon while on his way to school in Chicago. The driver of the wagon was arrested.

Winding up a night's spree at Wichita, Kas., Harry Dill and William Ford indulged in a fight. Dill plunged a knife into Ford's left eye, drawing out the eye-ball on the blade. Ford will die. Dill escaped.

The Northern Pacific wheat elevator at Eureka Junction, Wash., was totally destroyed by fire, together with 60,000 bushels of wheat. Total loss, $100,000; fully insured.

As the Santa Fe freight-train was running down a steep grade near Miles Station, Tex., two cars loaded with household goods and horses owned by E. W. Bradley of Clinton, Ky., were discovered to be on fire, and before the train could be stopped the cars were destroyed. Nine head of horses were burned to death. The loss is placed at $7,000.

Forty men armed with revolvers stopped a force of workmen from laying a crossing for the Kansas City Belt Line at Kansas City. The men were sent there by the Kansas City Suburban Belt Line company, a rival organization, which has applied for an injunction.

Fire in Chinatown, Carson, Nev., caused a loss of $10,000; insurance $4,000, placed with the Chinese insurance agent at San Francisco.

Fred H. Lelder, who took an overdose of morphine Oct. 25, at New Philadelphia, O., and was supposed to have died, was buried. His brother, who could not get to the funeral, came and wanted to see his body. It was found that the supposed dead man had come to life in the casket. His face was scratched and the glass in the coffin broken.

Fire destroyed the First National Bank Building and the Phillips Block in Belleville, Kas. Loss $55,000; partially insured. Other losses are: W. T. Williams, $1,200; M. Robinson, $3,000; G. W. Collins, $3,000; C. H. Haney, $1,000. J. H. Hair, Dr. Wade, W. T. Dillon and W. H. Bell.

While a freight train was standing in the northern part of Providence R. I., two steel bridge girders, with which a car was loaded, became displaced and swung across the adjoining track, striking a passenger train. Daniel McDermott, of Pawtucket and N. G. Peabody, passengers, were instantly killed, and Fred Bent, of Cedar Falls, was probably fatally hurt.

Nine horses were roasted to death in a fire which destroyed the stables and a portion of the bottling establishment connected with the Robert Smith Pale Ale Brewing company in Philadelphia.

The "first snow" was wired from divers points of the Northern States.

It is reported that a vessel with 700 emigrants on board has foundered off Cape St. Vincent, on the southwestern coast of Portugal.

M. Allard, a journalist, fought a duel near Tours, France. The weapons used were pistols, and M. Allard was shot in the stomach. He has since died from the effects of his injuries.

Mrs. Minnie Bellamy of Kalamazoo, Mich., was sentenced to ten months in the House of Correction for bigamy. Mrs. Bellamy had married George Wilcox without waiting to secure a divorce from Edward Bellamy, but she claimed to have done so because of scandalous reports concerning her relations with Wilcox, and she wished to stop the rumors.

Dr. C. C. Crolly, proprietor of a drug store at Pleasantville, N. J., went to a cemetery and calmly proceeded to dig a grave. Then lying down in it, he swallowed a quantity of laudanum, and awaited death. He was accidentally discovered by some friends, and his life was saved.

At Williamsburg, Ky., Sheriff W. M. A. Moore shot John Thomas through the neck. It is feared the wound will prove fatal.

The steamboat Alexander Swift collapsed near Glenwood, Pa., on the Monongahela River. All on board escaped.

Edward Cooper of New York and James Hardman of Ohio, civil engineers in the employ of the New York and New Haven Railroad, were instantly killed on the Niantic bridge at East Lynn, Conn.

The steambarge Mackinaw was entirely destroyed by fire at Black River, Lake Huron.

A south-bound train on the South Florida Railroad jumped the track near Orlando, Fla. Fireman Oscar Whidden was killed and Engineer John D. O'Rourke seriously hurt.

Burglars broke into Charles Bodamer's house in Kalamazoo, Mich., and, being discovered, had a hand-to-hand fight with Mr. and Mrs. Bodamer, but escaped. The former accused his brother-in-law, E. Romist, of being one of the men. Romist will bring a suit for damages.

Fred Miller, arrested for bigamy, cut his throat in jail at Lima, Ohio.

Ida Clurg, a young girl employed as a domestic in Dubuque, Ia., died under circumstances that indicate poison administered either by herself or some one else. After her death a post-mortem was held, when it was discovered that she would become a mother in three months. The contents of her stomach are being analyzed.

The body of William Watson, a Santa Fe section man, was found in the depot at Fort Madison, Ia. His head showed marks of violent strokes in two places and his throat was cut. An associate workman named King was found lying drunk and was arrested on suspicion.

Julius Dornsife, a son of ex-Mayor Dornsife, of Kansas City, committed suicide at San Francisco.

George W. Lewis and August Richards escaped from the State prison at Carson, Neb., by drilling the bars off their cell and dropping to the ground. A posse of men is on the track of the convicts, who appear to have taken the direct route to California.

There was a riot among Italians in New York. James Coporell was shot twice and dangerously wounded by Alphonsus Borcco. The latter was captured. Joseph Porupo was stabbed twice in the neck. His assailant Giovanni Rubbo—was arrested.

A saloonkeeper named Roach was shot and killed at San Francisco in a quarrel with a man named Allen.

MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Extra 1,550@1,700 lbs	$ 5.00@$ 5 25	
Good to fancy steers	3.90@ 4.90	
Poor to medium steers	2.70@ 3.80	
Cows	1.00@ 2.30	
Veal Calves	1.75@ 5.00	
MILCH COWS—per head	20.00@ 40.00	
HOGS—Mixed	3.70@ 4.35	
SHEEP—Native	3.25@ 5.40	
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.00@ 1.01	
CORN—No. 2	.53@ .54	
OATS—No. 2	.40@ .41	
POTATOES—per bushel	.65@ .75	
POULTRY—Chickens, live, per lb	.07@ .08	
Ducks, " "	.08@ .09	
Turkeys, " "	.09@ .10	
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.24@ .25	
Low grades	.06@ .08	
CHEESE—Full Cream	.08@ .09	
Off Grades	.03@ .05	
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.21@ .22	

ST. LOUIS.

BEEVES—Choice natives	$4.00@$5.00
HOGS—Choice	3.90@ 4.10
SHEEP	3.75@ 5.10
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	1.00@ .101
CORN—No. 2	.51@ .52
OATS	.40@ .41

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$.92@$1.00
CORN	.50@ .51
OATS	.39@ .40

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$1.00@$1.01
CORN	.53@ .54
OATS	.42@ .43

KANSAS CITY.

BEEVES—Grain and Corn Fed	$4.00@$4.80
STEERS—Grass Range	1.90@ 3.00
HOGS	2.40@ 4.05
WHEAT—No. 2	.99@ 1.00
CORN—No. 2	.48@ .49
OATS—No. 2	.39@ .40

Joseph Morgan escaped from the state prison at Boise City, Idaho.

Admiral Fremantle has attacked and bombarded several villages on the Vitu coast, East Africa. The villages were speedily evacuated. The Admiral advanced to Vitu with 1,000 men, his advance posts having been attacked, when three sailors were wounded.

William Darnwell, formerly an officer on the police force of Austin, Tex., and familiarly known as "Buffalo Bill," shot Maggie Null and then himself. Though a married man he had been for some years on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Null. Jealousy caused the shooting. Darnwell is dead but the woman will recover.

A DARING ROBBERY.

THE WELLS-FARGO EXPRESS COMPANY'S SAFE RIFLED.

A Train Wreck—Ute Indians [illegible] Cattle—Telegraphic News from All Points.

A Good-Sized Haul.

One of the boldest robberies perpetrated in that vicinity for many years was committed at 10:30 in the evening at the office of the Wells-Fargo company at Meadville, Pa. The agent, C. P. Moore, who was alone in the office, which is situated across the street from the depot, in a locality where scores of people are continually passing, was counting the contents of his cash drawer, preparatory to balancing his cash account, when a rap on the door drew his attention. He placed the money in the drawer, stepped outside the office railway, and opened the door, admitting two strangers. Upon entering they bade him good evening, then leveled a revolver at his head and cautioned him not to move or make an outcry on pain of instant death. He was bound and gagged and laid upon the floor. The robbers then proceeded to open the large safe, which was unlocked, and tore open and appropriated the money packages, valued at from $5,000 to $15,000, after which they made their escape. Mr. Moore was so securely tied that it was fully half an hour after they left before he was liberated and made an outcry for assistance. The money the agent was counting when he was interrupted in his work, amounting to several hundred dollars, was untouched by the robbers.

A Train Wreck.

A terrific collision occurred on the Iowa Central on a curve a mile east of Marshalltown. A large switch-engine with two flat-cars was backing down to a rock quarry six miles out when a wild freight running in the opposite direction crashed into it. The freight engine leaped into the air and alighted squarely on top of the switch-engine, where it remained. The former was totally wrecked and the latter was badly dismantled. Several cars were reduced to fragments. The woodwork of both engines took fire and burned. Engineers William Moseley and Rube Gulliher and Firemen Will Rulph and Will Cook were injured by jumping and by flying fragments from the wreck. Mosely and Rulph were seriously but not fatally injured. The accident was the result of a mistake of the train dispatcher.

Ute Indians Killing Cattle.

The Ute Indians are still off their reservations and roaming through Lilley Park and vicinity in bands of from ten to fifteen, intimidating the settlers and killing all the cattle and deer they came across simply for the hides. They are encouraged in this slaughter by pelt-dealers, who go among them offering so much for hides. If the redskins could be kept on their reservation and these dealers prevented from going among them these yearly raids would be put an end to. There is no probability of any serious trouble, as winter is close at hand, snow having already fallen in the foothills

A Fatal Wreck.

In a collision between two east-bound freight-trains on the Burlington road near Robb, Colo., Phillips Morrow, an emigrant, was instantly killed, his son, P. Morrow Jr., fatally injured by escaping steam, and Engineer Chambers and Fireman Coucher seriously injured. Freight train No. 78 stopped to cool a hot box, and torpedoes were placed on the track to warn a stock extra which was following. The engineer of the extra saw the forward train as he was coming around a curve, but the grade was so steep that he was unable to stop and the collision followed, the rear train plowing through thirteen cars of live stock and merchandise on the forward train. Engineer Chambers and Coucher of the extra were injured in jumping from their engine. Morrow and his son were in the forward train. The cattle were horribly mangled and not one of the animals will escape alive

Fought Another Battle.

A dispatch from Fribourg, Switzerland, states that the result of the elections held there was productive of much ill-feeling between the opposing parties. The Radicals accused the Conservatives of winning by unfair means, one of the charges against them being that they falsified the ballots. Charges and counter-charges were made until the trouble culminated in serious conflicts. The Radicals are armed and threaten to overturn the Cantonal Government.

A report was received from Lugano, one of the Capitals of the Canton of Ticino, stating that fighting occurred between the troops and the disaffected Liberals, and that some blood has been shed.

The Federal Council has by a unanimous vote rejected the appeals made by the Ultramontanes of Ticino against the popular vote taken recently, when a majority declared in favor of a revision of the constitution of the canton.

The Fire Record.

Fire started in H. S. Collins' jewelry store at Eureka Springs, Ark., and consumed property valued at $200,000. There was no loss of life. The Perry House, Springfield House, Ohio House, and thirty-five other business and dwelling houses were destroyed. The total insurance is about $7,000.

A fire broke out in the Kennedy mill at Apalachicola, Fla. The flames communicated to the Kimball warehouses and to the wharf, the lumber in the mill-yard, and finally the Kimball mill. The ice-house and triangular building opposite the ice-house next caught, then Grady & Co.'s store, Munroe & Co.'s office, the Iron Works, the Kimball planing-mill, and McGlynn's furniture factory. The total loss is about $100,000, with a partial insurance. There were seventeen buildings burned in all.

The large furniture and undertaking establishment of W. F. Hohlman was consumed by fire at Beardstown, Ill. The buildings and contents were insured to the amount of $5,500. The residence of Mrs. John Bangan was also damaged by the fire to the extent of $1,500, fully covered by insurance.

Dark Work of the Mafia.

The St. Louis police are in possession of information to the effect that three of the supposed Italians implicated in the assassination of Chief Hennessy have fled from their hiding places in New Orleans. It is reported that they left for St. Louis and are now probably in hiding in that city.

The body of an Italian was found on the river front at Louisville, Ky., with several gashes in the head and a knife-thrust over the heart. The cause of his death was a mystery until next morning, when the police obtained a clew showing that it was the work of the Mafia. The victim, it is believed, was followed to Louisville from New Orleans.

Offended Mexico.

There is considerable excitement among Kansas City stock men relating to advices received from Mexico to the effect that that country has placed a duty of $500 per car on American cattle. If the advices are true, and they come from a reliable source, this practically ruins all live-stock trade between this country and Mexico. The act of the Mexican Government is purely a retaliatory one and was precipitated by the fear the Mexicans have of the McKinley bill. Many cars of American cattle are now on the Mexican borders. About 500 bushels of grain have to be sent with every train-load of live-stock shipped from that city to Mexico and the Government will not even permit this to go through unless a duty of 30 cents per bushel is paid. It has been rumored among the stockmen of Kansas City for the last few days that the Mexican Government was contemplating a move of this kind, but there was thought to be nothing in it until dispatches were received from agents there apparently confirming the reports.

Cattle and horses sent across the Rio Grande by unsophisticated owners were subjected to these duties. The consequence is that several loads have been seized. The importation tax on United States hogs has been fixed at $2.50 a head. As there are no hogs of any value raised in Mexico the result will be that the Mexican consumers will pay 12 1-2 cents per pound for pork in place of the present price, which is 8 cents

A Queer Mistake.

The relatives of Romane Leach, a traveling salesman for a Rochester house, who formerly resided in Geneseo, received a dispatch stating that Romane was lying dead in a Chicago undertaker's establishment.

Ebenezer Leach, Romane's father, wrote to Chicago friends and had them identify the body, which was subsequently shipped to Geneseo, N. Y., for burial. The pall-bearers noticed the casket was unusually heavy, when it was known that young Leach was only five feet high and slight. It was also said that a noise was heard as if something was moving inside the casket, and accordingly as soon as the services at the grave were over the casket was opened, when the astonished friends of the deceased beheld the body of a man nearly six feet tall and not bearing the faintest resemblance to Romane Leach. The corpse must have been confused with some other at the Chicago undertaker's establishment, although there are suspicions of some criminal designs on the part of the people who shipped the casket.

A Rear-End Collision.

Barnum's circus train, in five sections, left Macon, Ga., for Athens. Five miles from Monticello the trainmen lost control of the third section on a long down grade and it dashed into the rear of the second section on the end of which was the cook's car, preceded by a car containing horses. A man named Kelly of Kalamazoo, Mich., in the car was killed, and another man, name unknown, was badly hurt. Eight horses in the forward car were killed. The two engines pulling the third section were derailed and badly damaged, as were six or eight cars following. The fireman of the first engine, Lewis Glenn, was instantly killed. The engineers of both engines and the other fireman jumped.

Murderous Scamps.

Four men went to the house of an old man named Griffin in Ganges township, Allegan county, Mich., with the intention of paying off an old grudge. They broke in the door of the house, but met with stout resistance from Griffin and a man named Hale, who was with him. In the melee Hale shot one of the men and felled another with an ax. He then went for assistance and upon returning found Griffin still alive but badly used up and the assailants gone, having taken their wounded away in a wagon. Officers have gone from Allegan to arrest those engaged and learn if the two injured men are dead or alive.

Derailed By a Broken Flange.

The Richmond and Danville train was wrecked near Seneca, S. C. The breaking of a flange on one of the cars precipitated the two Pullman cars from the track. They rolled down the embankment and were utterly wrecked. Among the severely injured are: J. M. Jones of New York, cut on head and badly hurt; J. H. Croft, Westerly, R. I., bruised on head and shoulder; Mrs. George C. Haward of New York, cut about head and left eye; Siegfried Arnold, Philadelphia, cut on head; Joseph Henschen, New York, leg broken; J. W. Burrell, the porter, of Washington, will die.

Driven from Home by Incendiaries.

L. B. Varn, whose turpentine still was burned in Ware County, Ga., has sold out his interests at Varn, being driven out of the county by the incendiarism and threats of assassination. At Waysboro, David Davidson shot J. H. Williamson, inflicting a fatal wound. Both men are turpentine operators, and Varn believes that the tradegy is an outgrowth of the affair at Varn, Davidson being a personal friend and having been free in expressions of opinions concerning the trouble. Varn says he has lost $5,000 by the forced sale of his property.

An Audacious Robbery.

G. Ender, owner of a saloon in Chicago, was playing cards with his bartender when two men suddenly sprang in the door and presented cocked revolvers at the faces of the card-players. The intruders wore white masks, and while the latter were by no means as ominous-looking as the gaping revolvers, they added to the discretion of the saloon-keeper and companion, who promptly complied when the men demanded all their money. The robbers succeeded in getting $125, after which they took their departure, refusing the offer of Mr. Ender to "drink."

Fatal Explosion in a Rolling Mill.

A fearful explosion occurred at the rolling mills of the Portage Iron company at Duncansville, Pa. One of the three large boilers in the ten-inch mill exploded from an unknown cause. The report could be plainly heard for miles around. Those fatally injured were: James Weaver, aged 28; Samuel Flick, fireman, 48 years, and married; William Miller, aged 30 years, and married; T. Henworth, puddler, horribly mangled. Several others whose names are unknown are badly scalded.

Took Thieves to His Home to Dine.

Four swell Italians, representing themselves to be wine merchants, came to Montreal, Que., took up quarters at a stylish hotel and struck up acquaintance with Mr. Seadman, Chief of Police. They wanted him to go in as a partner in a proposed wine business to be started in the city. He asked time to consider, and in the meantime introduced them to his home. He invited them to dine one evening. During the progress of the dinner Mr. Seadman was called out of the house. This was part of the scheme. When he was gone they went through several drawers, taking a package containing $4,000. They cleared out with their stealings. Detectives are after them.

A FIENDISH CRIME.

A WOMAN MURDERS ONE GIRL AND INJURES ANOTHER.

Committed Many Robberies—A Few Item from Asia—Other Condensed Telegrams.

Probably a Maniac.

A terrible murder was committed at Akron, N. Y. A young woman named Sarah McMullen, aged 19 years, residing with Mrs. Patrick Brown enticed Delia Brown, aged 6 years, and Nellie May Connors, aged 10, on to the Akron Cement Works narrow-gauge railroad bridge, height sixty-five feet, over Murder Creek. All of a sudden she pushed Delia Brown over the side of the bridge and then grabbed Nellie May Connors and hurled her into the precipice below. Nellie was instantly killed, but fortunately little Delia Brown lives to tell the terrible tale as related. Her little arms and legs are broken, and although terribly bruised it is thought she will recover. The citizens of Akron searched for the missing girls, and found them after a long search. For several hours little Delia had lain on the stones at the side of the creek unable to move. She said that Sarah had hard work in pushing Nellie Connors over the side of the bridge, and came very near falling over herself.

After committing the act Sarah McMullen returned to Mr. Brown's house and said to Mrs. Brown: "I am going away. Perhaps you will not see me again."

Sarah started for the bridge over the mill-dam at Akron, about ten feet high, and stepped in between the iron braces and jumped into the water, which was several feet deep. Simon Brown saw her and ran to the spot and rescued Sarah from drowning. No reason is assigned for the terrible deed. The girl is believed to be crazy.

Committed Many Robberies.

George Shinn, who, with Charles Dorsey alias Thorn, escaped from San Quentin (Cal.) prison three years ago and was recently captured in Chicago, made a startling confession. He says that he and Thorn returned to California early in 1889 and camped on the American river, three miles from Sacramento. They established a rendezvous to which they always returned after raids. On July 31, 1889, they stopped the stage from Milton to Sonora and robbed the passengers of $50. They blew open the Wells-Fargo treasure-box, but found it empty. On Sept. 10 of the same year they stopped the stage between Quincy and Oroville and took a gold bar worth $800 from the Wells-Fargo box. In April 1890, they stopped the Forest Hill stage in Placer county and robbed the passengers.

They returned to Chicago May 30, this year, and between that time and the date of Shinn's capture they committed twenty-five robberies and burglaries in Illinois. Their rendezvous on the American river has been found by the Chief of Police of Sacramento, who hunted for it for four weeks. He says it is an ideal robbers' roost and that the thieves could never have been dislodged from it.

Items from Asia.

Two Chinese men-of-war bound from Fusan to Jinsen foundered in a gale sixty miles from the latter port.

The Japanese man-of-war Kongo left Kube for Turkey, with the survivors of the Turkish man-of-war Ertougroul. Of the 500 persons lost on the Ertougroul the bodies of 230 have been washed ashore.

High Japanese officials express regret because Corea is turning from China to seek the protection of Russia, and predict future trouble from such a policy.

Since the outbreak of cholera in the Empire there have been 38,425 cases and 23,011 deaths. The epidemic has almost subsided.

A Murderous Physician.

An Academy student was passing the house of Dr. Oakes, in Onondaga Valley, near Syracuse, N. Y., and politely bowed to that gentleman, who was sitting at a window. The doctor, however, construed the act of courtesy into a foul insult that could only be wiped out by blood, and getting down his shotgun he aimed at the back of the retreating student. The gun was heavily loaded and burst, knocking the dignified doctor into a corner of the yard, where he was picked up bleeding from a severe wound. His face was badly burned by the powder. The doctor is believed to be demented.

Terrible Disaster.

The schooner Cornelius Hargrave from New York, bound east, with a load of coal, ran down the Spanish steamship Vizcaya, outward bound, eight miles off the New Jersey coast, and cut it half in two amidships. Within ten minutes both vessels had sunk in twelve fathoms of water, their masts showing above it.

Of the ninety-three persons on board the steamer nearly all went down with the hull. Some thirty clung to the railing, and a few of schooner's crew, with three of the crew of the steamer, found clinging space in the upper rigging of the latter. As the night advanced the cold and consequent exhaustion claimed the weaker ones, and they dropped into the water one by one and were drowned. Only twelve—four officers and eight seamen—were still in the rigging at daylight, when the tramp steamer Humbolt came up and rescued the survivors by means of its boats.

Coal-Cars Thrown Through a Hotel.

A loaded coal-train of thirty-six cars, through a misplaced switch, was thrown through the Hotel Brunswick, at Huntington, Pa., and landed in the yards of the Girard House and Jackson House, 200 feet eastward. The guests in the hotels were seized with a frenzy of excitement and rushed pell-mell into the streets in their night clothes. The loss to the Pennsylvania railroad company's rolling stock is $25,000.

A Captain Drowned.

While the yacht Alice Enright was returning to Toledo, O., from a cruise, its Captain, Thomas Temple, was lost overboard between Turtle Light and Black Can. He was sitting on the afterdeck holding the main sheet, and as the wind was high a wave struck the Enright, giving her a lurch, and Temple was thrown into the water. He held to the main sheet but for a moment and then sank. He was a member of the Toledo School Board and a prominent yachtsman.

Murdered by Redskins.

Dispatches from Wilbur, in the Big Bend country, Wash., report the murder of S. S. Cole, a freighter, by Colville Indians. Cole left Cummings Ferry, and has not since been seen. His blood-stained wagon and hobbled horses were found, but persistent search has failed to find the missing man. He had considerable money, and loafing Indians saw him receive it. A few days prior to his departure the Indians held up another freighter and robbed him. The whole country is being scoured, and a call has been made on Agent Cole for the surrender of the suspected Indians. The settlers are fully aroused, and unless the agent takes prompt action trouble is feared.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—John Compton, of Merrill, was killed by falling from a train.

—A. Welch, aged 60, was convicted of bigamy in Beloit, and fined $250.

—Almer Cady, aged 89 years, who settled near Beloit fifty-three years ago, is dead.

—Michael O'Brien, a pioneer of the town of Granville, died at the age of 85 years.

—In consequence of unrequited love Otto Upitz, of Little Black, suicided by shooting.

—A prisoner named Brown, charged with stealing a trunk, escaped from the Baraboo, Wis., jail yesterday.

—George J. Shaw who held the throttle on the first switch engine in Chicago, died at his home in Milwaukee at the age of 69.

—Emory Reese, of Manston, 15 years old, was sent to the Reform School until 21 years old, for an immoral assault on an 8-year-old girl.

—Benjamin Moeller, aged seventeen, was instantly killed by being caught in the elevator at a furniture factory, in Milwaukee, where he was employed.

—Sigmund Jaeger, a young man wanted in Nebraska for a criminal assault, is in custody in Milwaukee awaiting the arrival of an officer from Nebraska.

—Gustav Schuetz, treasurer of a Milwaukee Harugari Lodge, pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling the funds of the lodge and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

—Lorenzo Sacket, a pioneer of Milwaukee, died at the age of 78 years. He had been a resident of that city since 1836 and for many years was engaged in the ship-chandlery business.

—At Antigo John C. Yawkey, a wealthy lumberman, on trial for the murder of James O'Donnell, was acquitted. It was proved that the killing was done in self-defense.

—Four hundred members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen organized the Northwestern Wisconsin Association at Eau Claire by electing M. J. Argard of Eau Claire, President.

—William Galow, a German laborer shot and killed his wife at Oshkosh, and then committed suicide. Domestic infelicity is the cause. Both were over 50 years of age and leave eight children.

—Frank Hart, an express messenger in the employ of the Adams company, who runs between Milwaukee and Chicago, was arrested in Milwaukee on a telegram from Janesville, where he is wanted for seduction.

—Ulysses S. Rogers, agent for the People's Publishing company of Indianapolis, Ind., was arrested at Racine on a telegram received from that city claiming that he was an embezzler. Rogers says he is not guilty.

—Frederick Windex, an aged farmer, committed suicide at Janesville, by drowning himself in the pool where his little daughter had been accidently drowned two years ago. Grief over the death of the child was the cause.

—Judge Bunn, in the United States Court, Milwaukee, declined to quash the indictments against the Gun Wa Chinese medicine-fake which swindled thousands of people throughout Wisconsin, and the trial was commenced.

—A large fleet of vessels was in port at Racine wind-bound, among them the steamer Chicago and steam-barge Philetus Sawyer. The barge Philetus Sawyer blew the soft plug out of its boiler and was at the mercy of the storm for four hours.

—The investigation of charges against Lieutenant Kranich, of the police force of Milwaukee, drags slowly. The evidence thus far adduced shows nothing worse in his conduct than the police predelection for a club and harsh talk in preference to moral suasion.

—The Kentucky Steel Company, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, completed arrangements with East Superior parties for removal to that point from Kentucky. The company goes in consideration of a five-acre site valued at $125,000 and a liberal subscription to the capital stock.

—John C. Spencer, representing a Milwaukee syndicate, has secured from C. D. Nash an option for the purchase of Lakeside, the well-known summer resort on Pewaukee Lake. The consideration is said to be $65,000. Lakeside is about 220 acres in extent and has forty-two summer cottages on it, with a lake frontage of a mile.

—Two sons of ex-Mayor Davis, of Eau Claire, aged 11 and 9, ran away. At night they secured a boat, stocked it for a long voyage, and started down the Chippewa river, safely shooting the dangerous rapids below the city, but narrowly escaping death. Searching parties were sent out, the boys were brought ashore at Parkersville and sent home.

—Albert Ludermeyer, a young farmer living near Casco, Kewaunee county, quarreled with his wife, a bride of a few weeks, in regard to the quantity of potatoes they should put in for the winter. Ludermeyer grew insanely angry at his young helpmeet and seizing his rifle shot her dead as she ran from the house. Ludermeyer then put the muzzle of the weapon to his head and blew his brains out.

—The State of Wisconsin, through Judge Walker, of the Criminal Court, again interfered with parental rights by sending Edwards Field, Charles Spleeher and Alexander Young to the Industrial school for boys till they shall have attained an age to enable them to vote for or against the Bennett law. They range in age from ten to fourteen years, and had been repeatedly found guilty of misdemeanors and petty thieving. The Spleeher boy is said to have a wealthy father in California.

—Agent Leahy, of the La Pointe Agency, answers the charge of defrauding Indians in the following card: "In a paper appeared a statement purporting to be signed by a number of Indians, alleging among other things that I approved a spurious allotment roll. This statement has no foundation whatever in fact. The allotment roll was read and approved by the Flambeau Indians in council, and the roll so read and approved was forwarded by me to the Indian Office at Washington.

—The charges of official malfeasance in connection with the pay for county printing, which are likely to result in a grand jury investigation, at Milwaukee, have caused a decided sensation among the supervisors implicated. For several years there has been more than a suspicion of petty boodling in the carrying out of county contracts, and the board has customarily responded with indifferently well conducted investigations, under the auspices of county board committees interested in suppressing the facts.

—While attempting to cross the electric railway tracks in Milwaukee, Katie Solchenbach, 8 years of age, was run over by one of the Kinsley electric motors, and was crushed into an unrecognizable mass of flesh and bone. Three companions of the little girl were witnesses of the horrible accident. William Pohlmann, the motor man in charge of the car, was arrested, but was released on investigation by the police showing that the little girl had fallen on the track and that Pohlman had made a futile effort to stop the car.

—The schooners S. L. Watson and S. V. R. Watson are in port at Racine, with "scab" crews. The sailors on the former boat objected to a boy going out with them and quit the schooner, demanding their pay, which was refused. The sailors issued an attachment against the vessel for their wages, which the Captain paid, but the men refused to return to work at the old rate of wages, $45 per month. An effort was made to secure non-union crews from Milwaukee and Chicago without effect. The striking sailors are endeavoring to have the sailors on the S. V. R. Watson quit, and trouble is feared.

A new drink is out called "champagne mint." It is indulged in by club bloods whose money is never missed.

There's not a joy the earth can give, like the sudden surcease of violent and terrible pain. It is like the rest at the gates of Paradise, but how can it be found? It is the *simplest matter in the world.* Buy a bottle of Salvation Oil and rub it in.

"What keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta. "I think it must be the beams," said Charley softly.

A writer in a Boston paper recommends women to study their countenances by aid of their mirrors. Good enough! But then if they do not cure their colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup they run the risk of breaking their reflectors and destroying valuable property.

Many who have escaped the rocks of gross sin, have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness.

A PLEASING SENSE

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

He (sadly)—I have not seen my wife's face for two years. She—Why not? He—She paints.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When a man has the reputation of being plain spoken it is a mild way of putting it that he never sees anything good to speak of in others.

If you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you ever did, try Dobbins' Electric Soap next washday. Follow the directions. Ask your grocer for it. Been on the market 21 years. Take no other.

Bad temper is awkward to have and dangerous to lose.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

La grippe on its round as a globe circler has reached China.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? Lazell's "LY-CO-DINE" Nursery Powder positively CURES CHAFING. Send 25c. in stamps for large box. Sample Free. Lazell, Dalley & Co., Box 1278, New York.

There are now 912 submarine cables, exclusive of the seven Atlantic cables.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation and Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

Birds of brightest plumage do not make the best potpie.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil of free house room.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES SURELY.

SPRAINS.

Ohio & Miss Railway, Office President and General Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio
"My foot suddenly turned and gave me a very severely sprained ankle. The application of St. Jacobs Oil resulted at once in a relief from pain."
W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Gen'l Man'gr.

BRUISES.

716 Dolphin Street, Baltimore, Md., Jan'y 18, 1890.
"I was bruised badly in hip and side by a fall and suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." WM. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, add
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.


"Down With High Prices."
THIS SEWING MACHINE
ONLY $10:
Top Buggies, $55.00 Harness $7.50
Road Carts, 50.00 Wagons, 50.00
$3.50 Family or Store Scale, 1.00
A 240-lb. Farmers' Scale, 3.00
4000 lb. Hay or Stock Scale, 40.00
Forge and Kit of Tools, 20.00
1000 other Articles at Half Price.
CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

A PRESENT.
SEND us your address and we will make you a present of the best Automatic WASHING MACHINE in the World. No wash-board or rubbing needed. We want you to show it to your friends, or act as agent if you can. You can COIN MONEY. We also give a HANDSOME WATCH to the first one in each county. Write quick. Address N. Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 6 Dey St., N. Y.


"Sanativo"
(TRADE MK.)
ARE YOU WEAK?
If you suffer from LOST MANHOOD, NERVOUS DISEASES, the LOSSES of any kind from EXCESSES, we will give you A FREE TRIAL of this WONDERFUL MEDICINE. WE GUARANTEE A CURE in every case. Write us to send you a FREE sample package sealed in plain wrapper (mention this paper) and to cover packing and postage. MEDRID CHEMICAL CO., 357 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to chirp either from illness, exposure or out season of moulting, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing cakes of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS, as it is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts. by the BIRD FOOD CO., 420 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

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Our improved Novelty Rug Machine uses 2 needles; coarse needle for rugs, mittens, &c., and fine needle for zephyrs, or silk, on plush or velvet. Machines sent by mail for 1.10. Price list of Machines, rug patterns, fine embroidery, patterns on Muslin, yarns, zephyrs, plush, &c., sent free. Liberal terms to agents. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Person preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, add
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$200.00 TO $500.00 Cash, balance 10 to 20 years at 6 per cent. annual interest, will buy a farm in Nebraska or Kansas. Partial payments permitted to suit purchaser. For large list of BARGAINS inclose stamp to Ringer & Bradley, 1519 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

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THE CAMP FIRE.

NEWS NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST TO OLD SOLDIERS.

Winchester Frank—A Missing Million—A Soldier in the Great Frederick's Army—Etc., Etc.

"Winchester Frank."

William W. Smith, Lawrenceville, N. M., tells of a drummer boy, Frank Hall, but who was known as Frank Wood, of an Illinois or Ohio regiment. He got lost from his regiment while moving from Shiloh towards Corinth, and was with the brigade composed of the 7th, 50th, 57th Ill., and 22d Ohio until it reached Monterey, where they met Sherman, and after that he was to be found first in one regiment and then in another. Frank was a natural-born soldier, small for his age, and a regular dare-devil. He had a mania of getting outside and foraging on his own account, at times, too, when it was dangerous to send out a foraging party. He was known to have left our army on three or four different occasions, made his way inside the rebel lines, remaining there from one to four days and returning safe and sound. He was a great favorite with Grant, and on more than one occasion rendered him valuable service. After the war Frank went West, and under the training of old Sol Johnson, a noted scout, soon made a record, and from the fact of his being so expert with the Winchester rifle he became known as "Winchester Frank." He was a great Indian hater, and it is on record that he attacked single-handed a party of eight Sioux who had abducted the wife of a settler, killing five and putting the other three to flight, as well as rescuing the wife. In time he became attached to Custer's command as a scout. Custer had the greatest confidence in him, and relied much on his experience. He went into the affair of the Little Big Horn with Custer and fought by his side. Of the two men who escaped from that massacre he was one. He managed to grab the stirrup attached to the saddle of a horse as it ran by him, which so frightened the animal that he dashed away, dragging Frank over the ground for three or four miles. When he stopped, Frank was so bruised and exhausted that he lay on the ground for two days and a half. The writer met "Winchester Frank" in Denver about four years later, and he gave a complete narrative of the massacre, displaying at the same time the bullet-perforated buckskin suit he wore in the fight. The writer wishes, if Frank is alive, that he would write his story of the Custer Massacre.

Who Was This Pennsylvania Sergeant?

While at Kernstown (south of Winchester), Va., July 24, 1864, and just before that useless battle was fought, and while my brigade (the 10th W. Va. and the 23 Ill.) were in front,—a small squad of soldiers of the 11th Pa. Reserves, under command of a Sergeant, reported to me for duty, for the reason that he happened to strike my company first. I was then First Sergeant, and in command of the company. He stated his case as follows: "I was ordered to take a squad of men with canteens and go for water. When I returned to camp my regiment was gone, but our guns were in stack. I have done the best I could, and now report to you for duty. Please assign me and my men to do duty in your company ranks."

Said I, "Sergeant, place your men on the left of my company, and take your proper place in the line of non-commissioned officers."

This order was quickly obeyed. While waiting for the battle the Sergeant gave his reasons for reporting to me—i. e., he did not wish to be reported as a deserter or as derelict in his duty, and that he would at the proper time ask me for a certificate showing where he was during the battle.

A few moments later he drew a note-book from his pocket, and wrote the name of a young lady, with postoffice address somewhere in Pennsylvania, signed his name to it and handed it to me, saying, "If anything happens to me, will you please write all the facts to this lady?" I gave him my word that I would do so, at the same time folding the little strip of paper and placing it in my left vest pocket.

The battle was fought, and I was badly wounded, a ball passing through my left vest-pocket, containing the Sergeant's note, a fine comb, gold pen and silver holder. The whole business was reduced to fragments; the name of the lady and the Sergeant were lost. I never knew what became of the Sergeant or his squad.

I will further add that the Sergeant was either a German or a "Pennsylvania Dutchman"; spoke the English language fluently, but with the German accent. I have often thought that the Sergeant had a premonition that his end was near. Can somebody answer?—*Thos. S. Nutter.*

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

While the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever Congress gave permission.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat—it could hardly be called a battle—between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting nor destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and and there he saw the Juarez men leave their intrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country. Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of Congress and the War Department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. *What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence,* and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.—*The Century.*

A Missing Million.

"Good heavens!" said an old-time comrade, who had had something to do with many of the most startling events of the war, "Good heavens, but the strange things men living now know could their information all be put together. The most startling events of the war were not the battles, my friend. There were things going on, enormous schemes for money-making, money itself—events that make one's hair stand on one's head! The times made men and women reckless. For instance," continued my friend, as he got his gouty foot into an easy position. "I went to church the other Sunday. A gentleman near me in the same pew politely handed me the book of service. Had it been in me to faint I think I should have astonished that bland, imperturbable gentleman and the elegantly dressed middle-aged lady in the same pew, who, I suppose, was his wife (her diamonds were really fine) by fainting. For I 'shadowed' him once a month in 1863 upon a suspicion of having stolen $1,000,000. Somebody got it, and though he was not a very high official the money was missing, and the only other person open to suspicion was just the one we dared not suspect?" "Well," said I, waiting for the rest of the tale, "what about it?" "Nothing," was the calm reply. "Why, you don't mean to say that——" "Didn't I tell you just now very extraordinary things were occurring then every day that at any other time would have made your hair stand on your head?" "Yes, you did, but I supposed there was a story or something," continued I, a little tamely. "Well, there isn't. All there is to it was that one day in a certain government department $1,000,000 in United States currency that had been brought in that morning was missing. It was in rather smallish bills, fifties and hundreds, and made a pretty good-sized parcel. It was never found."

A Noted Soldier.

Frederick the Great had the happy faculty of surrounding himself with able men. Like Napoleon he was a good judge of human nature, and he was rarely deceived. One of his most valued assistants was an Englishman, James Edward Keith. This young man engaged in a revolution in England, and barely escaped with his life. Then he served under the czar in his wars upon Poland and Turkey; but considering himself the victim of injustice, he resigned and accepted the position of field marshal in the Prussian army. Frederick the Great made him his favorite companion, and they traveled together incognito through Germany, Poland and Hungary. Keith invented a game resembling chess, which so delighted the king that he had some thousands of men cast in metal, by which he could arrange battles and sieges. The British field marshal managed the admirable retreat of the army from Olmutz in the presence of a superior force, without the loss of a single gun, and he took part in all the great battles of the period. He lost his life in the desperate fight at Hochkirchen on Oct. 14, 1758. Keith was of middle height, dark complexion and strongly marked features. His presence of mind was remarkable, and his knowledge deep and varied, while his military talents and strict sense of honor made him take rank among the first commanders of the day. His brother, the lord marshal of Scotland, once wrote of him: "My brother has left me a noble heritage; after having overrun Bohemia at the head of a large army, I have found only $70 in his purse." Frederick honored Keith's memory by having erected a monument to him in Berlin by the side of his other generals.

The Old Cabin.

General Grant's cabin, brought from the banks of the James river and placed in Fairmount park, Philadelphia, for preservation as a war relic, is fast going to decay. In this cabin Grant issued orders for Sherman's great march to the sea. In it the confederate commissioners treated for peace, and, after Sherman reached the sea, under its humble roof Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, Meade and Admiral Porter met in conference.

A Parlor Tip.

Philadelphia Belle (at summer resort)—"I do not see why it is that I am so unpopular among those Chicago society people."

Traveled Friend—"It is because you insist upon asking them about their grandfathers."—*New York Weekly.*

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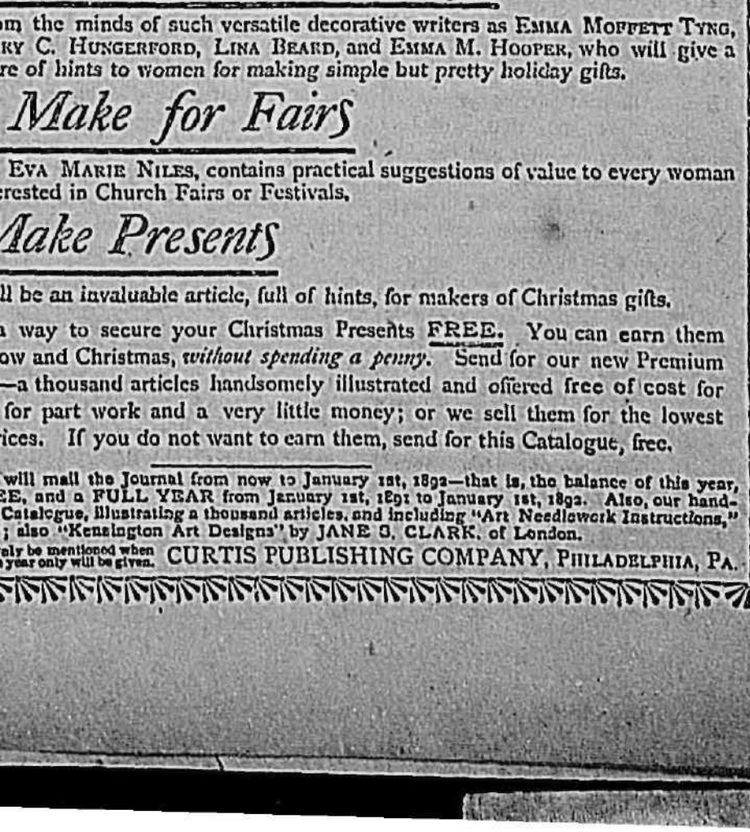
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A Unit.

When I was camping on the Volga's banks,
The trader Zanthou with a leash of mares
Went by my tent. I knew the wily Jew,
And he knew me. He muttered as he passed,
"The last Hathony, and his tusks are grown.
A broken 'scutcheon is a 'scutcheon still,
And Amine's token in my caftan lies—
Amine, who weeps and wails for his return."
He caught my eye, and slipped inside the tent.
"Haw, Zanthou, up from Poland, at your tricks!
How veer the boars on old Hathony's towers?—
True to the winds that blow on Poland's plains!"
"They bite the dust, my lord, as beast to beast.
When Poles conspire, conspiracy alone
Survives, to hover in the murky air.
My lord, Dathony's gates are left ajar
For you to enter, or—remain outside:
The forest holds the secret you surprised,
And men are there, to dare as they have dared."
"Haw, Zanthou, tell me of the palatine.
The air of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man elsewhere: the trumpets' squeal
I follow and the thud of drums. You spoke
As if I were of princely birth: hark ye,
Battalion is the name I listen to."
"The cranes that plunder in your fens, my Lord,
The doves that nest within your woods, I saw
Fly round the gaping walls, and plume their wings
Upon your father's grave. Do you know this?"
"A token, Zanthou? so—a withered flower!
You think I wore one in my sword-hilt once?
Methinks there is no perfume in this flower.
Watch, while I fling it on the Volga's tide.
The chief, my father, sent me with a curse
To travel in the steppes, and so I do.
The air of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man elsewhere, for love, or hope,
And as he marches, he becomes but this.
Haw, Zanthou, would you learn the reason why?
Search on the Caucasus, the northern seas,
Look in the sky, or over earth, then ask.
The answer everywhere will be, 'The Tzar!'"
—*Elizabeth Stoddard.*

PERLEY'S PRETTY SISTER.

It was a dull, rainy day towards the end of September—one of those days when earth and sky are grey and dreary, and the rain drops pattering against the window sounded like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, and I was sitting in our little inner-office, looking out at the expanse of dull, grey wall that formed my only prospect from the not over clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers.

I was musing about Kitty Elton and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her. Dear little Kittie! she was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be; but I knew it was a hard life for her in that over-crowded milliner's work-room, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 50, with a dimple in her chin, and the sweetest roses on her cheek. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent, little man, with square stern mouth and clouded grey eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said in a quiet subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say that you were tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happened untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent.

There had been, it seems, a series of very skillful forgeries lately committed, with boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime; but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Mattison, who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere in hiding in the north of England. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat and listened to all the various details of our plan, as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high; my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particular difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid out before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now, within half an hour."

"So soon?"

"Yes; why not?"

I could think of no sufficient reason, except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior — the longing to see Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said rising. "If I take the night express I shall be there early in the morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was quite in the country, about half a mile beyond the village of Berwood, and was the residence of Mrs. Mattison, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call upon the constabulary authorities at K——; but I expected to need no assistance.

The rosy dawn was just ushering the eastern sky when I alighted, still, weary and jaded, from the train.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Mattison's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master.

"Mattison—Mrs. Mattison; I don't know her, but I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village to a wood, with a footpath running through it. Get over the stile, follow the footpath, and in a little while you'll see a yellow house—the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a dwelling. There's where Mrs. Mattison lives."

I thanked my informant and set out at a brisk walk, carrying my traveling-bag in my hand. It was half an hour ere I diverged from the main road, or rather lane. The stile at the end of the footpath through the wood was quickly reached, and the little yellow house—a cream-colored cottage literally overgrown with honeysuckles—presently rewarded my search, and, as I knocked at the door, a clock somewhere struck the hour of 7.

A decent-looking elderly woman, in widow's weeds, came to the door.

"Is Mr. Mattison in—Mr. Perley Mattison?"

"No," she answered quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look.

I did not believe her, and asked quietly, "When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present."

Apparently she expected me to go away, but, instead, I slipped into the passage.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then, for the first time, I became aware that some one had been watching and listening to our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes and a profusion of jet black curls.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half-way down the stairs, pushed back her curls with one hand and looked at me with her wonderful eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she said, hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Mattison's villany and doing their best to screen him from its consequence. My heart bled for both of them; but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking as briefly as I could, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain were they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Mattison sat down pale and trembling. Her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false? Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however; there was no where any trace of the missing bird. Nevertheless, I resolved to remain there quietly, for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon Clara Mattison came in as I sat by the window, keeping a silent watch on all round.

"Mr. Meredith," she said, softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here on such a mistaken errand—and, perhaps, she is right. I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings."

The pretty, penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence.

She talked at first shyly but afterward with more assurance, of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand little family details which I almost dreaded to hear.

This twilight talk was one of the pleasantest episodes of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was not a little annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the constables from K——, who were to watch through the night.

At the sound of their footsteps, Clara rose up, and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith, those men."

"Be easy, Miss Mattison," I said "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh, it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were simple and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Mattison. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At last answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner. It was short and to the purpose."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Mattison's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.

"You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said, as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"

The reader will easily perceive from this how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and, taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright, black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was, for she laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clenner appeared to be a good deal annoyed when I got back to town—rather an unreasonable thing on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said biting his lip. "Strange—very strange, I never was mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy sadness of welcome, that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Mattison's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.

"Kitty, you are crying."

"Because you are changed, Edward. You do not love me as well as you did."

"Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her simply because I knew the accusation was true. But I kissed her once more, and took my leave, moody and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning, Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He has gone to K——," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

"To K——?"

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner doubt the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud.

Jones laughed.

"Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a strange way of doing things. Depend upon it, he has good reasons for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? And what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say you've got him?"

"I do mean to say it, Edward Meredith. I know I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Mattison is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house."

"But"——

"He was there all the time you remained there, Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."

"What do you mean, sir?"

For reply he opened the door of the private inner room—his own special sanctum. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window, smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble-white brow and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I started at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.

"Clara Mattison!"

"Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice, "Clara Mattison, or Perley Mattison, or whatever you may choose to call me. Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith; and if you would like another lock of hair——"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy; it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He made a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-dyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward, failed in the estimation of my fellow officers and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise, the dear, faithful, little creature loved me just as well as ever.

"I won't be jealous of Perley Mattison, Edward," she said, smiling whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly; although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a lesson to me.

Perley Mattison's girlish beauty is now eclipsed in one of Her Majesty's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.—*Evening World.*

Evils of Promiscuous Bathing.

A few years ago stockings were not worn; now they may be of silk or cotton, and the latest advices tell us of stockings cut so as to expose the toes, which some newspaper correspondent describes as "ten tiny pink shells." As I see them thus arrayed—or disarrayed, to speak correctly—I fear the girl will soon begin to calculate the effect of what some one lately called "artistic bareness" on the mind of masculinity, and the man to be too conscious of the value of muscle and calf which he exposes.

As the mouthpiece of the crowds who come to witness these exhibitions, let me quote the little girl who, in the innocence of her heart, asked her mother "if she might take off her dress and play in her underclothes like the ladies did on the beach."

After the bath these young people settle themselves on the sand for perhaps an hour or so, rarely having any chaperon or older person with them.

Is it right that an innocent and childish creature should be thrown into such close and utterly unguarded companionship with one of the opposite sex? A girl's purity and perfect unconsciousness are her greatest charms, and can we expect her to retain these graces in such an atmosphere?

You may say bare legs are no more demoralizing than bare shoulders, of which we have a surfeit in every ball-room. Granted; but because we condone one indelicacy are we to smile quietly on all? Round dances have been the subject of pulpit oratory; let the moralist and preacher now turn their attention to this rapidly increasing evil.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Death Long Drawn Out.

It appears from a report on capital punishment which has just been laid before the Parliament of Austria and Hungary that executions in that country are carried out in an inconceivably barbarous manner. The convict is placed on the ground, where he stands with a long rope around his neck, which presently jerks him off his legs, and he remains struggling horribly in the air for several minutes. A convict is never strangled in less than seven minutes, and often the operation takes a quarter of an hour, and the poor wretch is usually conscious, or nearly conscious, during the greater part of the time. People talk about disgraces to civilization—surely this is one.—*London Truth.*

Rats in England.

The rat plague in Lincolnshire continues in spite of the enormous destruction of the animals by the farmers during the past few months. One farmer, who scatters poisoned barley about his yards every night, gathered in one day a crop of 1,300 rats. Three hundred rats were killed from one stack of grain in another place.

"HILLS THAT SMOKE."

TALMAGE'S SERMON ON JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

Remarkable Features of the Dead Sea Due to Volcanic Influences.—A Young Man Baptised in the Jordan.—Sodom and Gomorrah Prototypes of American Cities.—The River of Death.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 26.—Dr. Talmage preached the fifth sermon of the series on his tour in the Holy Land in the Academy of Music in this city this morning. This evening at the service in the Academy of Music, New York, the sermon was repeated before an audience which filled the vast building in every part. Dr. Talmage announced as his text, Psalm 104:32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." He said:

David, the poet, here pictures a volcano and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas, this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century, that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture, and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty, and pomp, and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain, and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been a controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep today and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a thrashed midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftan, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-bye and then put a dagger into their hearts and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do, they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those lewith lineaments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent of salt and this lake twenty-six and a quarter per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up-hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what is done with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illness, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish-scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say: "We want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange solution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the Cities of the Plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen, easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth. One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in air, and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke, and rolled into the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe, the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right. Revelation right. "He touched the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead sea instance, so in all cases God's writing on the earth, and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next," and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire, and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible: "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at five o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir;" "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from four to five o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes not with the full force of His hand, but with the tip of His finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at His feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm as the ancients thought, but to the Divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago, was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the Divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Admah, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to become a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintist touch, if Russian, and French, and American literature steeped in prurience, does not get banished from the news-stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of earth. And I tell those American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment, whether that Day of Judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterranean fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gaslight or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever empearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march, around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stearn features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation "Salaam Aleikoum," "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins! Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling and were about to take pocket-books and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure, the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar, and column, and arch, and chancel, and pulpit, and dome, and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well. He builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park, and Yosemite, and Switzerland, and Palestine, these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Illyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha, and David, and Jacob, and Joshua, and John, and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry resounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Molineux had copper-bottomed crafts spilt upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt, the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, travelling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud, and now of sand, having the feet of the terebinths and oleanders, and acacias, and reeds and pistachios, and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major-general of the Syrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an ax-head not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the ax-head, as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river and, in defiance of the law of gravitation, the iron ax-head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea: from the bank of this river Elijah took as team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything; for, if the most destructive of all elements, was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood, or crystal, or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds towards the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake, they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend, P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail-train that broke through Ashtabula bridge, and then took flame, I said: "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire?"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion, went into this river, and then, while both were standing, the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy, to the baptismal font in the old meeting-house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan, on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up to my side that day, and told me that a young man, who is now studying for the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptised by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination, made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants, two robes not unlike those used in American baptisteries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present, I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall probably not feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us! How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" "Is that you mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

"Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore."

HUMOROUS STUDIES.

The sheet of spray is hemmed by the shore.

Getting up a woman's club—raising a broom.

People who talk dollars generally trade in pennies.

It is the Fellowship that navigates the college course.

Kerosene oil can—Blow up hired girls, for one thing.

Labor conquers all things, even the man who tries to do it.

Pensions to sailors would scarcely be wreckless pensioning.

The man who catches dozens of bluefish is hardly a blue fisherman.

Atlas held up the world. It is not stated how much he got out of the job.

He—How can I express my great love for you? She—Send it along as freight.

FOR THE LADIES.

AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE TENDER SEX.

The Young Women of To-Day—One View of Marriage—Entertaining Items and Pithy Points.

She Knew Why.

Can'st tell the reason, Clytie dear,
Why you refused young Kidd?
"Of course I can," she said—a pause;
"The reason was—well—just because—
Oh, just—because I did!"

The Fickle Maiden.

At seven o'clock she sits and sighs,
"Why doesn't he come? Heigho!"
At twelve o'clock she sits and yawns,
"Dear me! Why doesn't he go?"

Winning the Race.

All races are the same in this:
The speed of love bows to no check,
But as with horses, women oft
Win either by a lap or neck.

Perhaps.

From store to store she hastens,
And she laughs a blithesome laugh,
And perhaps she'll save $2,
Or $2 1-2.

One View of Marriage.

"Whether a business woman be marriageable or not, it is certain that she does not make a business of getting married. Occupied with other cares, matrimony is to her an incident, not the aim, of her existence. The advent of women, however, into business life has opened to both men and women opportunities for contracting suitable marriages which are offered in no other way. Instead of a few hours' association under the gaslight, when the conventionalities of society lend an artificial charm to one and hide the sterling worth of another, men and women by daily association learn to know and to judge each other by truthful standards. While the society girl will often pass by a perhaps awkward but intelligent and most worthy man and bestow her sweetest smiles on a dancing dude, the bright-eyed, discriminating business woman consigns the brainless creature to his proper sphere and honors the man to whom honor is due.

"On the other hand, a man who perhaps might be an easy prey for a worthless beauty has in business life an opportunity to study day by day the woman who works by his side, and to not only discover her faults, but to recognize her virtues. Hundreds of the noblest and best men never marry, because they do not have the opportunity to enjoy without restraint the society of women. To such as these the bright, methodical, systematic woman is a boon. The affection that he may acquire for her is based not on fascination, but on esteem. How can he fail to respect a woman who is capable earning nearly if not quite as much as himself, and who, he finds, can be quite as charming as she whose life is devoted to the pursuit of a husband?"

Women in Russia.

Among the middle or lower orders of Russian society the model wife is she whose good conduct and slavish obedience to the will or whims of her husband gives him no excuse to lift hand or rod against her, and who never beats her husband when he is drunk. Wives beating their husbands is, however, a recognized phase of Russian social life. Among the cheap chromos that adorn the walls of village tea houses and trakters, one of the most familiar scenes is a drunken moujik on the ground and his wife beating him in no gingerly manner. The merchant's wife and daughters still keep out of sight, in accordance with Oriental custom, when male friends call on the husband, and when they go shopping the husband and father goes with them, assists them with their bargains and pays the bills. The merchant's wife paints her cheeks and is very fond of bright-colored clothes. You often see them arrayed from head to foot in garish red. She spends the greater part of her time in drinking tea, smoking cigarettes and gossiping with visiting friends. There is a saying that "a merchant's wife can drink a whole samovar of tea." Her mental abilities are held in light esteem by her spouse and his friends, who, though keen merchants, are, for the most part, men of scant education. They will tell you that "a woman has long hair, but a short mind," that she is a child of the devil and that, when you fall in love with her you fall in love with the evil one. It is considered bad luck to meet a woman when you are going fishing or shooting. In the churches "neither women nor dogs" are allowed to penetrate the inner sanctuary, though men and boys are freely admitted.

Pocket Money for Wives.

One of the crying evils of the time is the lack of pocket money, or pin money, for married women, with its consequence of their slavish pecuniary dependence on their husbands.

She fortifies her argument with illustrations drawn from actual life, where wives of rich men maintaining luxurious establishments are kept practically penniless themselves. Their husbands, with more or less grumbling, pay their millinery and haberdashery bills, but leave them unprovided with a private purse from which they can draw at pleasure for their little wants and charities. If the wives need money, no matter how little, they must beg it from their lords, and give an exact account of what they propose to do with it. They are looked upon by their neighbors as rich and enviable, but in truth they are poorer than their very servants, and with less liberty. They are treated as if they were children not to be trusted with money, and as of no financial discretion.

Accordingly, after the manner of the enslaved, the wives use deceit and trickery to obtain the few dollars they want to expend in their own way. They "get their milliners to send in a bill for forty dollars instead of thirty, the real price, in order to take the extra ten for themselves." Others of these miserable creatures are too conscientious for that, and attempt to escape from pecuniary bondage by secretly working for the pittance of the sewing girl, whose independence they envy.

Advice To Mothers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "I would have every mother in the land begin at the cradle to teach her daughters self-respect, self-denial, and thoroughness in small things. I would have wee tots who grow easily blase with an embarrassment of toys, taught to deny themselves playthings for the benefit of poorer children. I would have their young minds early instilled with the beauty of self-sacrifice; and instead of importing costumes for their dolls, I would have them taught to cut, and sew, and make whole outfits for their dolls and I would bestow prizes and rewards for neat and successful work. In all such early matters would I train the childish mind to a pride in practical achievement. I would have them taught to mend, darn, and fold clothing nicely; and above and beyond any praise for great progress in music, drawing, or elocution, I would give them praise, medals, and public honors for keeping their rooms, their clothes-presses, their bureau drawers, and their personal effects in perfect order; and I would permit no servant to do for them what they could do for themselves. Constantly would I keep before them the good of self-denial in small matters, the necessity of doing things which were distasteful and doing them well, if they would possess character and stamina to meet the inevitable hardships which life presents to every soul."

The Young Women of To-Day.

It is not enough that the young women of to-day shall be what their mothers are, or were, writes a lady. They must be more. The spirit of the times calls on women for a higher order of things, and the requirements of the women of the future will be great. I must not be misconstrued into saying that the future woman will be one of mind rather than of heart. Power of mind in itself no more makes a woman than does wealth, beauty of person, or social station. But a clear intellect, a well-trained mind, adorns a woman, just as an ivy will adorn a splendid oak; a true woman has a power, something peculiarly her own, in her moral influence, which, when duly developed, makes her queen over a wide realm of spirit. But this she can possess only as her powers are cultivated. Cultivated women yield the scepter of authority over the world at large. Wherever a cultivated women dwells, be sure there you will find refinement, moral power and life in its highest form. For a woman to be cultivated she must begin early; the days of girlhood are transitory and fast-fleeting, and girls are women before we know it, in these rapid times. Every girl has a certain station to occupy in this life, some one place to fill, and often she makes her own station by her capacity to create and fill it. The beginning influences the end.

A Famine of Hired Girls.

Superintendent Weber of the barge office, New York, received letters from Keokuk, Ia., and Fort Gaines, Neb., saying that there was a famine of domestic servants in those towns. Cooks were only half a crop, chambermaids were a total failure, and there was a deplorable scarcity of maids-of-all-work. Ladies who belong to the Four Hundred in Keokuk were doing their own cooking. In Fort Gaines ladies of the highest society did their own sweeping and dusting. The mayor of Fort Gaines got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and built the fire. The mayor's wife arose at 5 and made griddle cakes for breakfast. The mayor's daughter waited on the breakfast table.

The scarcity of servants in Keokuk has made social entertainments almost impossible. Only a few weeks ago a lady belonging to one of the oldest families in Iowa, who was giving a fashionable reception, had to ask her guests to excuse her while she went in to freeze ice cream. The letter concluded by saying that Keokuk wanted 100 domestic servants at once, and Fort Gaines wanted fifty more without delay. The most flattering terms were offered to induce emigrants to come from the barge office to Keokuk and Fort Gaines.

How to Boil an Egg.

"Isn't it strange," said a short, foreign-looking man the other day to some companions while lunching together at one of the Chicago restaurants, "that not one cook in fifteen, or housekeeper either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling. Here is where the mistake is made. An egg so prepared is indigestible and hardly fit for a well person, let alone one who is sick, to eat. The moment it is plunged into boiling water the white hardens and toughens. To boil an egg properly put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place over the fire, and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate as jelly and as easily digested, and nutritious as it should be." The information is worthy of consideration, since the speaker has occupied the position of chef at several of the largest hotels of the country and is now the proprietor of a restaurant in Denver.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

A CARELESSLY HANDLED FARM INDUSTRY.

Raising Chickens is Usually Wholly Left to the Judgment of the Hen—Care is Needed to Insure Success — Household Suggestions.

Hatching and Care of Chickens.

Fannie Cassiday Duncan, in American Agriculturist, says a first-class chicken is the result of careful selection. Its parents have been thoughtfully chosen, suitably housed, wisely fed and daily exercised. This all goes to make a favorable heritage for the young chick; for the fine bird is produced in the egg, not in the raising. Eggs for setting should not be over two or three weeks old. Fresh eggs not only hatch sooner than old ones, but produce stronger chicks. I have a large shelf nailed up in the cow house adjoining the hennery which is pierced with round holes, into which are put the eggs for incubation, large end downward. This is directly contrary to the usual custom, but I find that to place the small end downward causes the "air-bubble" to spread, detaching it from its membranous lining, and so losing much of vitality to the egg. The warm air of the stable, moist with the breath of cows, is better for the egg than the dry air of the house. The sitter's nest, too, is safer in a situation not too dry, as dryness and heat harden the viscid fluid of the egg, often causing the loss of the chick. Nests with sliding bottoms are best. Into these put plenty of clean straw, well sprinkled with flour of sulphur, being careful that the nest is not too concave. Set only a moderate number of eggs, especially for very early broods, as the outside eggs are apt to get chilled in the inclemment weather of early spring, and since the good hen turns her eggs every day, each egg is liable to become an outside one.

The young chicks usually break the shell in twenty-one days, though cold weather, stale eggs, the condition of the mother, and other circumstances may cause a variation. For the first twenty-four hours the chicks do not require any food; and they do actually better without it. After that, for about two or three weeks, hard boiled eggs, chopped fine, with oatmeal and bread crumbs are given. During this time food should be given very liberally—five or six times a day—giving no more at each feeding than they will eat up clean. Very young chicks can not consume food enough at a single meal to last for several hours, as their crops are small and their growth is rapid. After they are three weeks old they may be fed different varieties of food; it pays to give cracked wheat, or rice, bread crumbs, cabbage chopped fine, meat, raw or cooked, and meal wet with milk. As the chickens continue to grow, more and coarser food should be given. The more rapidly they grow the more bone-making material there should be given them. Broken oyster shells answer the purpose as well as anything.

An inflexible rule on our place is to kill all chickens that show decided want of vitality. It is the poorest economy of time and patience to attempt to coddle weak or sickly chickens. If the illness is temporary, the fowl is kept separate a few days. If not, off goes its head, and the garbage box is its tomb. In this way the fowls that are kept are the healthiest and strongest. Out of these again are selected the best specimens for the winter. The rest are killed and eaten. The chicken farm has been in existence for five years, and in that time there has been no epidemic of any kind among young or old, no roup, cholera, paralysis, or other chicken disease. A hen is never kept after the second season's laying.

Why Butter Does Not Keep.

In reply to a letter from a correspondent the American Agriculturist gives advice to prevent butter from fading and losing its quality, but as it was not informed how the milk was set, the cream cared for, how long the cream remains unchurned, etc., its answer cannot be very definite.

It cannot be the feed, as butter color is used; so the butter fading must be looked for elsewhere. If the butter is packed in small crocks, the glazing of the latter may have been imperfect and the porous material of the crock absorbed the finer oils of the butter, and color along with it, and so bleach out a circle of butter next to the crock. That the butter gets "salvey" would indicate that the temperature of the cellar was subjected to great extremes, hot and cold, alternating. This would cause a chemical change to go on in the elements not butter, and the heat would tend to fuse or rather cause the butter to lose its globular form or granulation. By some "chance" the salt may be charged with too much lime, and so act upon the butter as to cause it to lose color.

From the fact that the butter is all right when made, and becomes unsalable only after being "made two and three mouths," raises the inquiry, why this butter was not sold as fast as made. In the long run, the butter-maker who holds butter for two or three months for a rise, pays 50 per cent interest on the venture. The market and the consumer do not want butter that is "old," or has been held for a rise. The butter that brings highest price is that freshest made. The good butter made yesterday always sells highest and is first inquired for. Holding butter only clogs the market when it does find its way to the city, and its depressing influence injures all alike from maker to consumer. The most successful butter makers are those who sell their butter as fast as made, and try to make the bulk of their butter between October and June.

The Domestic Doctor.

For croup wet a piece of flannel in kerosene oil and apply. It gives almost instant relief. Remove when the skin becomes very red, or it will blister.

When it is necessary to take charcoal medicinally put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, pour in it an inch of water, cork it and shake it thoroughly. A few seconds will suffice to mix the charcoal and water.

The Paris correspondent of the American Practitioner and News for July 19, reports that at at recent meeting of the Society of Public Hygiene the following table was drawn up for the information and guidance of the masters of public schools, with reference to the prophylaxy of infectious maladies and the time that may be allowed to intervene between the onset of the malady in a pupil and the date that he may be re-admitted into the school:

Malady.	Period of Incubation.	Period of Invasion.	Period of readmission that may be authorized.
Scarlet fever....	7	2	40 days from the first day of invasion.
Measles	9	4	25 days from the first day of invasion.
Whoop'g cough	12	8	20 days after disappearance of the characteristic cough.
Diphtheria.....	5	2	40 days from the first day of invasion.
Mumps.....	18	2	25 days from the first day of invasion.
Varicella.....	14	2	25 days from the first day of invasion.

In the Saddle.

Teach your saddle horse to rein by the neck, or turn to the right or to the left by the "indirect indication," as the riding masters term it. It makes horses much pleasanter to ride than if they have to be pulled around by the bit. To teach a horse this simple trick, exert a slight pressure of the rein on the side toward which you wish to turn, and an instant later press the outside or opposite rein against the neck, at the same time giving a slight impulse with the outside heel, that is with the left heel if turning to the right, and with the right heel if turning to the left. This keeps the horse's croup in proper position. A lady rider must make her whip take the place of the right heel. It is far easier to teach a horse prompt obedience to the indirect indication, while riding him in an enclosure, than when riding him in the open; the fences, or walls, at the turns making clearer to him what his rider wishes him to do. Give the first lessons at a walk and be certain that your horse understands clearly what the indications mean before attempting them at the trot or canter.

Sure Death to Borers.

Do not hunt for borers at all, says the N. E. Homestead, but just doctor them a little. Make a mixture of about one quart of wood ashes to a pail of water, and stir it well. Next make a ridge of earth around the tree a few inches from it, and high enough so when you pour your mixture into the circle it will run into the holes and kill the worms. It is sure death to them, and costs less than one cent a tree. I have used it for years, says the writer, with perfect success. You may have to do it twice the first year, but after that a very little care will keep your trees free from them. If you have no wood ashes, use a thin whitewash of lime in its place. If you have a large number of trees, you can use strips of zinc or sheet iron about four or five inches wide and long enough to put about the tree in place of the circle of earth.

Stick to the Line.

One reason why so many fail to make anything pay, is because they don't stick to it long enough to learn all about it and to get the average prices of a series of years. This is especially true of dairying, and of butter dairying particularly, because it is rarely the case that one can go into butter-making and make it a success from the start. But if when he begins he resolves to stick to it until he learns all about it that is known, he is sure—provided his surroundings are not too unfavorable—to make it successful. In the matter of a market, it takes time to get customers, and in order to get good ones he must learn how to make butter that is a little better than what they have been accustomed to. If the low price he may at first receive discourages him and he goes into some other branch of farming, he may meet low prices in that product and be still more discouraged. There is no one thing that always bears a high price, because as soon as it reaches a more than ordinary value so many go to producing it that the price soon drops, and the one always on the lookout for that which pays a big profit rush into something else, while those that stick, being thoroughly posted in the business, can stand the low prices for a year or two and be all ready for the reaction that is sure to come.—National Stockman.

Mulching.

There is really no tree or plant which is not benefited by mulching. It is not improbable that we shall yet come to a system of agriculture in which mulch will be used for corn and potatoes and garden vegetables. Experiments in that line have proved beneficial. The only question is, will the expense and trouble be compensated by sufficiently larger crops? Taking into consideration the liability to droughts there is little doubt but we can devise some methods of mulching that will pay. What we need now is statistics of losses and waste of our fairly estimable crops. We must then consider how much of this is preventable. I believe that the loss and the waste of the fruit crop is at least one-half, and of the corn and root crop one-fourth of the average. The fluctuation of prices is not the chief difficulty with the farmer; the point to aim at is securing full remuneration for work and expense by getting invariable harvestings.

But mulching has an application of very great importance in the planting of trees. No tree, under any circumstances, should be set without a foot covering at once. It is the one most important point in planting, more so than large holes and carefully set roots well pounded down. Pruning has less to do with the life and growth of the tree. I reckon that a pear tree well mulched gains three years over one that is not. Chip refuse, coal ashes, wood ashes mixed with waste, long manure, cut straw, old or waste hay, all are good material.—Garden and Forest.

Household Suggestions.

One tablespoonful of liquid makes one-half ounce.

Jelly bags should be made of flannel and pudding bags of linen.

Do not put soap in the water with which you clean a mirror; it is almost impossible to polish the glass if soap is used.

A paragraph in the New England Farmer points out that a tablespoonful of kerosene added to the soap and water which floors are washed will greatly help in making them clean and leave the paint fresh and bright. There will also be considerable saving of soap.

Jelly made of green grapes is a good foundation for any other kind, using enough lemon peel or peach, quince or orange juice to give it a flavor. Rhubarb used when it jellies best will answer the same purpose. It is worth knowing this in seasons when fruit is scarce, as at present.

Having discovered a large white stain on a black walnut table, I was greatly pleased to find that it could be removed by the application of spirits of camphor. This should be followed as soon as dry by a brisk rubbing with a flannel cloth on which there is a small quantity of good oil.

To wash fancy hosiery dissolve some borax in the water, a teaspoonful to two quarts, soak the goods in this half an hour or more, then add soap to the water till good suds is made. Rub out the hose, rinse in two waters and dry. Fancy silk handkerchiefs and neckties may be washed in the same way.

To take grease spots from carpets, take two ounces aqua ammonia, two ounces white Castile soap, one ounce glycerine, one ounce ether. Cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire, add two quarts of water and the other ingredients. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth saturated with the mixture to an ordinary sized pail of water.

Singing in the Village Choir.

Those were happy days in Squankum,
With its church on the mossy hill,
Its gently flowin' crystal brook
That spun th' wheel beside th' mill,
Makin' sweetest kind o' music
An' never stoppin' night or morn,
But ground and ground and ground and ground
Th' crops o' gold grain an' corn.

But I used to long for Sunday,
Happiest day in all the week,
For then I took th' sorrel horse
An' brushed his coat up nice and sleek;
I hitched him t' th' carry-all,
An' in piled Susan, me an' Bill
T' sing some hymns at th' service
In th' church on th' mossy hill.

Bill, he would play on th' organ,
He was a right smart player, too,
While I used t' sing the tenor
T' th' sweet soprano of Sue.
When th' preacher finished preachin'
Bill, he'd make th' organ roll
With most inspirin' melody
Of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

But that was many years ago.
An' things is very diff'rent now,
An' I can't tell just exactly
Why th' choir split up in a row.
It seems that Bill, he got jealous
'Cause I was makin' love t' Sue,
An' I'll tell you on my honor
That I loved her as few men do.

But Sue didn't want no trouble,
So decided t' go away;
I never heard of where she was
Till only just th' other day
I heard th' orchestra music
Play that old familiar roll
An' heard Sue sing: "Down Went McGinty t' th' Bottom o' th' Hole."

A Remarkable Memory.

A school girl coming home to report having won two prizes, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, remarked that one of them was for having the best memory. Being asked what the other prize was for, she replied: "For the life of me, I can't just now think what that was for."

A Chess-Playing Town.

Life in the little German village of Strobeck, in the Hartz Mountains is almost entirely given up to chess playing. Even the children in the schools are proficient in the ancient and royal game.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all her ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't.

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

He: "It is strange, dear, we cannot speak without quarrelling." She: "And yet, when we quarrel, we don't speak."

The Farmers Beat the Lobby.

The influence of the "Lobby" in procuring and defeating legislation is for the first time made an issue in a political campaign in Massachusetts.

This business has become almost a profession with large numbers of people who represent corporations and monopolies. Their methods are interesting and sometimes unscrupulous. At times they pose as the friends of the laboring man; while at others of the farmer. One of the most amusing illustrations of the way they tried to misuse the farmer was given last Summer in Washington. One A. J. Wedderburn was arrested for alleged fraud upon the Government. It appears that he was the lobbyist at Washington, of John P. Squire & Co., a firm of rich pork packers at Boston, who were trying to secure the passage of the Conger Lard Bill, ostensibly in the interest of the farmer, but in fact in their own interest and to destroy competition. Wedderburn published an obscure Agricultural paper, and to avoid paying postage on the petitions and circulars sent out to the farmers to invite their support, he conceived an ingenious method of getting postage stamps from the Government without paying for them. He is likely to receive his just deserts, and the effect has been to open the farmers' eyes to the true inwardness of the scheme, so that instead of supporting this doubtful bill, he is vigorously opposing it. Ten thousand of them recently signed a petition against the bill, which is practically dead and beyond resurrection.

Let the lobby take warning, and not try to make the "poor farmer" pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

Gosso: "Just imagine a fire now, Fuddle. If you were in a burning house with your wife and mother-in-law, and could save but one, which one would it be?" Fuddle, having scratched his head thoroughly: "Why, myself."

A WONDERFUL PAPER.

When you were reading the large Prospectus of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, published last week in our columns, did you stop to consider what a wealth of talent was engaged in producing this remarkable paper? Its success is phenomenal, and it is read in 450,000 families because it is the best of its kind. Now is the time to send your subscription. $1.75 sent at once will secure you the rest of this year free, including all the Holiday Numbers. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston.

Lady: "I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain?" Butcher: "That's right, ma'am. Look at those fine hams for 14 cent a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Wife—"Horrors! Our daughter has eloped with your typewriting young man." Husband—"Well, you wouldn't let me hire a young woman."

Berlin drank, in 1889, 202,247,100 quarts of beer—that is about 150 quarts to every man, woman and child.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. PAYNE, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all Druggists.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything.

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SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
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From the Press of the Antioch News.

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RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

If the Census bureau made all the recounts asked for it would be time to begin taking the Census for 1900 before that of 1890 is officially announced.

The navy department has advertised for proposals for the construction of a fighting ship, which is to have no guns. It is now in order to have a war without fighting.

The Italians of New Orleans seem to have brought their vendettas from sunny Italy, also their poniards. Assasination is a plant which can never thrive in the atmosphere of America.

Every once in a while the country is startled by the particulars of a gigantic scheme to organize a transportation system, using air ships as vehicles, but, like politicians promises, none of the schemes ever pan out anything practical.

How often do we hear it said of some poor unfortunate drunkard who, in spite of his many wrong doings has withal a kind heart toward his fellow beings, that he is his own worst enemy. This is a charitable view to take but it is an erroneous one. No man can be an habitual drunkard and not work evil to others than himself. The example he sets cannot but influence others of as weak a nature as himself to do as he does.

If the Democratic vote in the town of Grant is nearly solid against Dighton Granger, the cause can be traced directly to "Dutchers" Big Hollow items in last week's *Gazette*. It would have been a wise politic move for Granger, (who by the way we do not believe is responsible for the article) had he, like old deacon Smith, gone out in the woods and prayed to be delivered from his fool friends. The writer of the article tells why that place in Grant township is called "Big Hollow." In the opinion of the News there is a bigger hollow in the place where "Dutcher's" brain had ought to be.

A foreigner might suppose from the wild talk indulged in by both democratic and republican newspapers about the corrupt use of money in the present campaign that all American voters were for sale. Of course, every intelligent man knows that few, very few men in this country, outside of the lowest quarters of half a dozen of our largest cities, are base enough to accept money for their votes, and nobody knows this any better than the editors of the papers which by their sensational "boodle" charges are doing so much to belittle the reputation of this country. If the time ever comes when money will be the controlling factor in political contests it will mean the end of popular government.

What a blessing it would be if our State Legislature would pass a law compelling the indolent good for nothing men, that are scattered throughout the state, to work for a living, or failing to do this, send them to the penetentiary for a term of years. A man that will lay around doing nothing and see his wife and family going from house to house begging for enough to keep them from starving, is not a fit man to have in a civilized community. He is no more fit to be called a christian than is the filthy degraded hog that wallows in the mud at your feet. A wild beast of the forest has more the spirit of a human being than has such a man. It will provide for its young; he will not. And that the law of the land should extend to such a blot on the face of humanity, its full protection, and grant him the rights and privileges of citizenship, is an insult to every honorable man in the nation.

Experence is usually the most costly thing in the world, but, if you desire to know anything relating to patents, copyrights, trademarks etc., the many years successful experience of Messrs C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Solicitors, opp. U. S. Patent office, Washington, D. C., may be utilized for your benefit free of cost. Read their advertisment in another column.

A Trip to Wisconsin.

Although my time is brief to write a letter to ye editor; as I have just returned from Monroe Co., Wis. after an absence of eight weeks, thinking the many readers might be interested in reading about northern Wisconsin I will sketch you a description of what I found to be a productive and beautiful country. I left here on the morning of September first, and after a day's journey on the C. M. & St, Paul R. R. I arrived at Tomah a pleasant town situated in west-central Wisconsin, 42 miles east from La'Crosse and 155 miles from Milwaukee. From Tomah the St. Paul system sends out one of its most important and best paying branches, the valley division, which extends north east to Minnoequa, a distance of 140 miles through the great lumber district of central and northern Wisconsin.

Tomah was surveyed and established in 1857, taking its name from Tomah, a brave and magnanimous chieftain of the Menominee Indians. Early in the year 1858 the C. M. & St. Paul railway was built through the place and westward to La'Crosse, excepting the tunnel which was completed later in the year. In Monroe county Tomah occupies a nearly central position both as to territory and population, and is rapidly assuming the lead in the county from a business standpoint. The city is pleasantly located in the midst of a roomy country, being built upon and between two parallel ridges sloping gently toward the north and offering excellent natural drainage. Tomah Depot is a tasty, ornamental structure, all nicely finished inside in Georgia pine. There is a large agents office and two commodious waiting rooms, one for ladies and another for gentlemen, and a baggage room. It is fitted up conveniently and is one of the handsomest depots on the line of the road. A roomy veranda runs completely around the building and along the track for about 250 feet is a pavement walk 20 feet wide. The grounds around the depot are tastefully laid out into grass plats and drives making a pleasing appearance.

Here I found my cousin A. N. Hickox waiting for me with horse and carriage. We went 12 miles on the valley road past his farm 1½ miles from Tomah and through a sea of tossing verdure rippling with every passing breeze, and stately pine trees which reared their lofty heads, above cranberry marshes; then came to the marsh between Mills marsh at Mills station and Norway Ridge owned by Gov. Taylor of Madison, J. I. Case of Racine and Mr. Bryant of the East, under A. N. Hickox as Supervisor. This is an extensive Marsh, there are 40 forties intervening with pine groves and 40 miles of ditches. It looks beautiful to see the fruit growing, covering the marsh with a thick mass of red berries, and I enjoyed picking them or scooping them into the measure.

Mr. Hickox has been employed six years by the company and understands the business fully and is a reliable man known all over the northern country and respected as a man of solid integrity of of character. Also his esteemable wife who was checker during berry picking and picking over in the ware house where they had jovial lively times trying which could pick over the most. The greatest number of bushels I knew to be picked over in a day was 27. Mr. Hickox lets the water off of the marsh before picking them so you do not have to be in the water as I had heard before going there. They have to do this or the berries would spoil as the sun and water scalds them. It is a great berry country, first comes huckleberries, the last of June, then blue berries and raspberries in July then blackberries in August and cranberries in September.

Then I visited my cousin George Hickox and family in northern Monroe Co.. He has a fine farm and they took me to the many towns surrounding them and to the great saw mills where I saw them make lumber, then to Tunnel City where I walked through the great tunnel, cut through the solid rocks. There are many other towns around there. Sparta is noted for her State schools where the poor of the State can find a good home, nicely furnished, and where they are well educated. I also went to the Indian village of the Winnebagoes, farther north. They have their houses outside for pleasant weather.

Crops are good up north. It is a good farming country and covered with acres of winter wheat, which looked so nice and green that it did not seem so near winter but more like spring.

The last week I spent with Mr. Lombards who keep a fine hotel, and with my cousin, Mrs. Abbie Leigh in Tomah, and in visiting friends and riding over the city and in the country after a dashing span of black colts, the handsomest I ever saw. They did not want me to come home so soon but although I enjoyed it very much I felt they wanted to see me at home and I did them.

I must tell you before I close, of the grand rocks around Camp Douglas, the second station this side of Tomah they tower up like the highest trees for a great ways and look like some ancient ruins. The soldiers have their building up there to hold reunions in, but it is a mystery how they get to the top—maybe by some Chicago elevators. Some of the hills up north will make you hold your breath going up them, but these are only in ridges over a short tract. The rest is mostly fine rolling country. Thinking I may tire the readers I will say good bye for this time.

MARY B. SHERWOOD.

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